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The All True National Sex News Magazine

Another CHERI Reader-Participation Spectacular! THE GREAT KIM POPE GIVEAWAY: Two Young Texans Win A No-Holds-Barred Session with our gutsy superstar

THE SECRET WALL STREET SCREW-AND-CHEW CLUB: A visit to America's raunchiest (and most exclusive) neighborhood saloon

ONE HELLUVA HALLOWEEN: In Boston, the bawds balled all night—In Frisco, they boogied by the bay

THE MONICA KENNEDY STORY: Meet the showgirl who does it all... on stage!

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY COOZE: Here's a chick with a chatterbox!

MINNEAPOLIS'S ONE-GIRL SEX FACTORY: Twin City miss turns out turn-ons by the gross.

PLUS OUR SUPERCHICK COLUMNISTS--
PITTSBURGH'S PUSSYBURGER CLUB (Honeysuckle)
HOLLYWOOD'S HYPNOTIZING SADIST (Terry)
KANSAS CITY'S MINI-MANSON (Jody)

CHERI'S GOING DOWN ON HISTORY.

The photo you see here was actually taken at one of the world's most famous private sex clubs. (See page 46.) The girls in this picture work in this club five nights a week. The scene is real.

Only the weathy and lucky ever know about this exclusive Wall Street hangout. CHERI does. CHERI knows everything that's happening. And everything we know, we share with you. We take you inside secret hideaways. We show you the great and outrageous Monica Kennedy in action. We follow the sexnews wherever and whenever it happens. From Houston to Frisco to Minneapolis to Boston to Washington to Kansas City to Hollywood to Odessa, Texas and Hartlepool, England. CHERI's the world's most exclusive and informative reading club. Go down in history with us. Subscribe today.

JOIN THE CLUB!

cheri magazine

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OUR GANG

For two kids from Odessa, Texas, the world will never be the same.

Carroll and Linda Bowman won a highly unusual contest. They responded to Kim Pope's call (CHERI, October, 1976) for fans to write in and win a passionate photo session.

The weekend the Bowmans spent in New York was something special. Not only did they enjoy the attention and affections of the lovely Ms. Pope—but they got to see glimpses of the Big Apple's sensual netherworld that even long-time New Yorkers have never seen.

We send them our love—back in the land of oilrigs and coliche pits—and thank them for being so open, loving, and gracious during their stay in New York.

The entire staff enjoyed them. In fact, they enjoy anything they can lay their hands on.

****

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome our newest contributing editor aboard the CHERI flagship.

She's Fanne Foxe and, if that name rings a bell, it should. She was the center of a Capitol Hill scandal that ultimately brought about the demise of one of Washington's heaviest power brokers, Wilbur Mills.

Mary Sativa

But Fanne's much more than a mere *cause celebre*. She's a beautiful, sexy, charming gal who's easy and open about life and love. She's perfect for CHERI and she'll be spending the next year visiting such cities as Miami, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Atlanta as CHERI's secret investigative reporter in charge of What's Going On. If you've got inside sex dope on your city that you'd like to share with Fanne, please don't hesitate to write her c/o CHERI.

****

Three new and illustrious CHERI Orchard columnists join us this issue. Author-cartoonist Mary Sativa will cover the San Francisco scene graphically. She's the author of several all-time best-sellers on the Olympia Press label. . . . Danielle (Mistress Danielle) Smith has signed on as our Boston stringer and Lynn Berry, a familiar name to personal-ads fans, will be reporting on doings in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. As you can see, our little family is increasing by leaps and bounds. But remember, we'll never get so big that there's no room for you. Why don't you send something for us to use before you forget. Anything. A picture. A letter. A drawing. It's your book. —Peter Wolff

Renee Rousseau

Cartoonist Dunstan

Petunia ("Skin Trade") Camero and her pal, Julie Newmar

Patrisha, the photog photogged

Mistress Danielle and obedient servant

Long Jeanne Silver

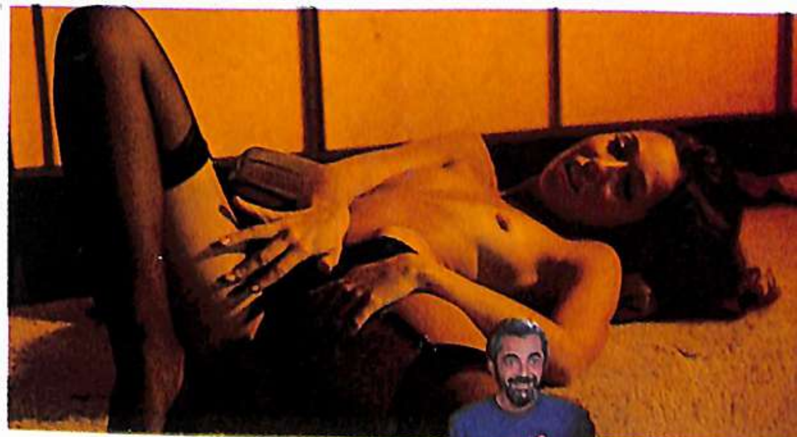
Lynn Berry

TWIN CITY AREA SUPER HOT Brunette loves to show & do all. I'm willing to date, swing, send photos and whiffy-sniffy panties. A SASE will assure you a quick response.

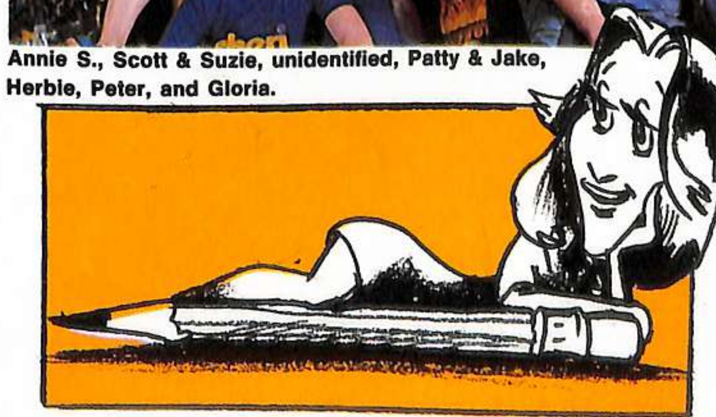
Kim Pope

R. Crumb meets Big Red (see CHERI December)

CHERI staff member at work



Annie S., Scott & Suzie, unidentified, Patty & Jake, Herbie, Peter, and Gloria.



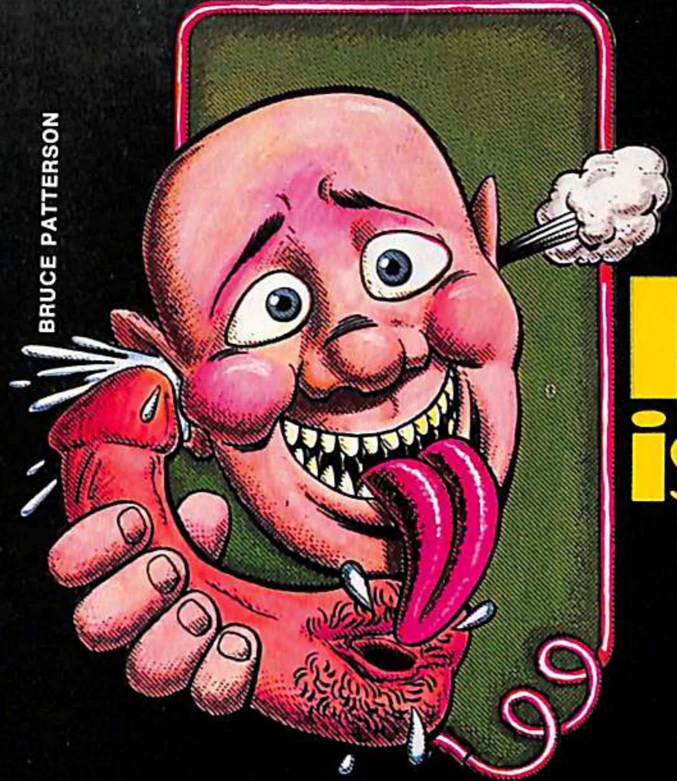
Artist Kristin Johnson

AMERIcheri

TIM JODY

Great American Bosoms Part 6

Once again, in the absence of contributions from you, our beloved readers, we've been forced to find our own Great American titties. And once again the source is the incredible Part One Lounge in beautiful downtown Kew Gardens, New York, which apparently holds the most outrageous Wet T-Shirt Contests in the Western World. The lady shown dancing here is called Millie (we think) and she competed in the Part One soaking-shirt derby last year. Lensman Tim Jody, always on the alert for fresh new talent and watermelony bosoms is responsible for these pictures. For which we thank him profusely as well as the All-Knowing Power which so Divinely Endowed this fabulous miss.



BRUCE PATTERSON

Bi is beautiful

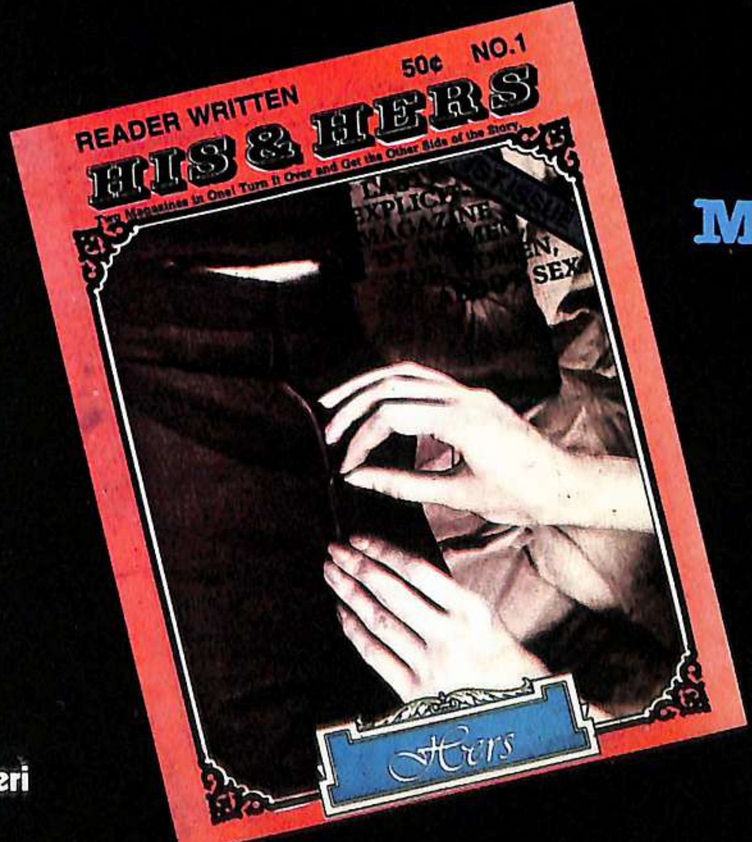
Ogden Porphry of Magnolia, Miss. reports that he has spent most of his adult life in pursuit of various pieces of ass. With some success. Now, he says, most women want him to go both ways before he goes their way. Why? Because straight guys are worth shit in threesomes and threesomes, claims Ogden, are where it's at. Somehow, this all makes us just a little sad. . . .

THE ESSENTIAL $1000 COCKSUCKER

We got a bunch of beefs after our February issue because there were no beavie shots of the voluptuous second runner-up in our $1000 Cocksucker Contest, namely, Miss Gloria King. Well, for those of you who must have a bit of clit before you can appreciate a lady, here's Ms. King wide-open and waiting. More we cannot do. . . .

MORANEV

Maureen's on the Rag



READER WRITTEN
50¢ NO.1
HIS & HERS
2 Magazines in One! Turn It Over and Get the Other Side of the Story!
Hers

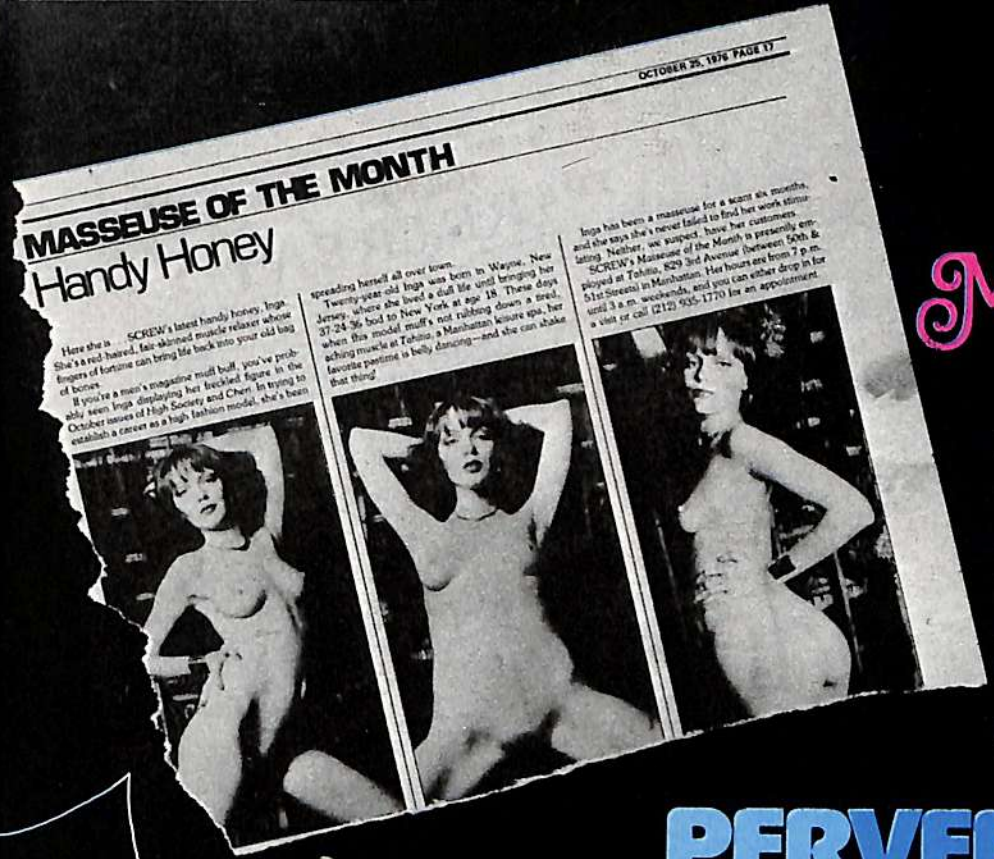
The wonderful and shapely Maureen Murphy, full-time CHERI correspondent, sometime cocksucker and all-time piece of ass, has finally found her niche in life. She's the pussy half of a new Los Angeles-based newspaper called *His & Hers* which is a unique duo-sexual f-and-s rag that reads pecker one way and poozle upside-down and turned around. You'll have to see it for yourself to understand. Just send Mighty Mau 50¢ for your copy or $15.00 a year for a sub. The address is *His & Hers*, 806 E. Fourth Place, Los Angeles, California 90013. Maureen has needed moolah and gainful employ for a long time. Do your bit and keep her off the streets.

cheri AMIERI

TAKA

PAT FLINT

Keenchild in The Promised Land



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MASSEUSE OF THE MONTH

Handy Honey

Here she is . . . SCREW's latest handy honey, Inga. She's a red-haired, fair-skinned muscle relaxer whose fingers of fortune can bring life back into your old bag of bones.

If you're a men's magazine muff buff, you've probably seen Inga displaying her freckled figure in the October issues of High Society and Cheri. In trying to establish a career as a high fashion model, she's been spreading herself all over town.

Twenty-year-old Inga was born in Wayne, New Jersey, where she lived a dull life until bringing her 37-24-36 bod to New York at age 18. These days when this model muff's not rubbing down a tired, aching muscle at Tahitia, a Manhattan leisure spa, her favorite pastime is belly dancing—and she can shake that thing!

Inga has been a masseuse for a scant six months, and she says she's never failed to find her work stimulating. Neither, we suspect, have her customers.

SCREW's Masseuse of the Month is presently employed at Tahitia, 829 3rd Avenue (between 50th & 51st Streets) in Manhattan. Her hours are from 7 p.m. until 3 a.m. weekends, and you can either drop in for a visit or call (212) 935-1770 for an appointment.

Now You Can Meet Montford Lane

SCREW, in its monthly review of massage maidens, calls her "Inga." But loyal CHERI fans will remember her as Montford Lane, one of the stars of our October issue. Here's a unique opportunity to get to know one of CHERI's featured girls very, very well. Writes SCREW, "Our Masseuse of the Month is presently employed at Tahitia, 829 Third Ave. in Manhattan. Her hours are from 7 p.m. to 3 a.m. weekends." Montford Lane is gorgeous and we bet she's got super hands, too. Get on the case, Montford-lovers!

Blow it out yer ear!

Before you decide to go down on The Six Million Dollar Man, we feel you should know what lab researchers have to say about the Bionic Orgasm. By sucking Steve Austin's stick, you will be on the receiving end of an ejaculation so powerful that it will blow jets of jism ten feet out of every orifice in your head! Caveat, Linsey Woolsey!

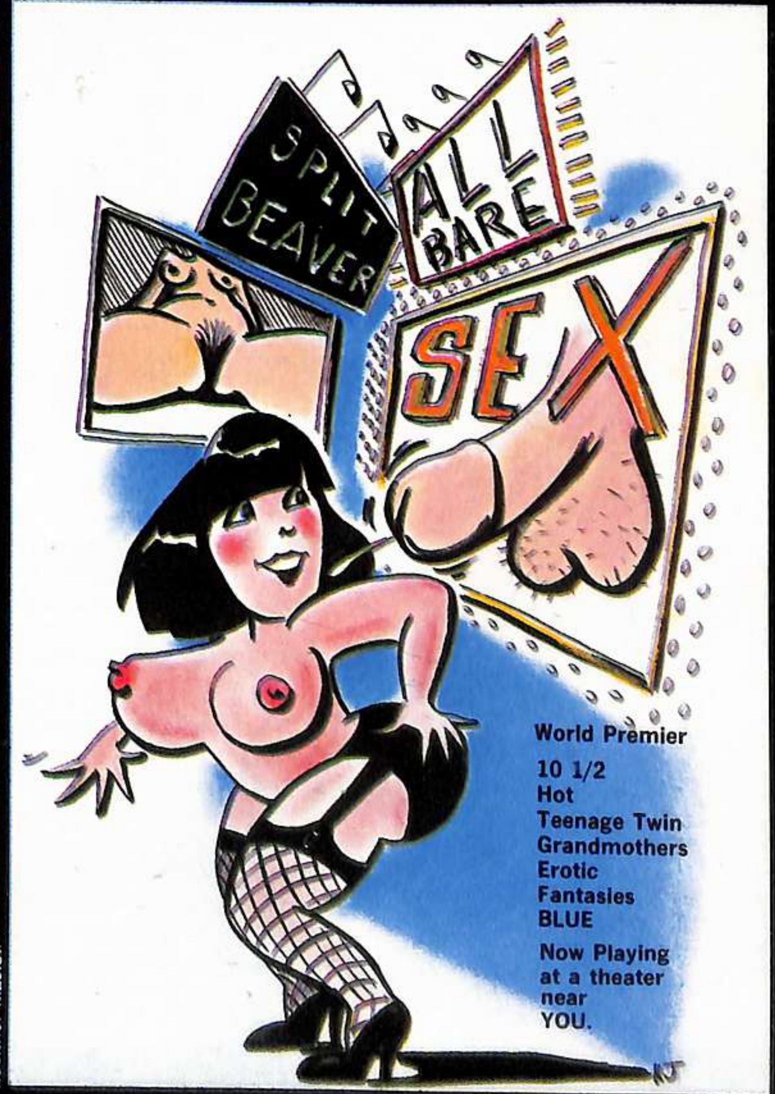
BRUCE PATTERSON

POILS BEFORE PIG

ED D. LOUIE

ANNIE'S PERVERSE

ANNIE SPRINKLE



KRISTIN JOHNSON

PAT FLINT

newest angels with dirty faces

In our very first issue we broke some ground with a collection of adorable portraits of some of the least hygienic ladies in Western Civilization. This exposure has led us to believe that there actually exist women to whom cleanliness is *not* next to godliness. "Why wash after sex?" asks Gertrude Schmutz, 24. "I believe in preserving the stains that bind. A trace of ivory spittle across the chin is but a loving memory of wonderful moments past." Marlou Drekk, 19, is in full agreement: "My boyfriend shoots a heavy load, probberly a half-cup or so 'n I got a small mouth, y'know, so it's alliz sloppin' down on m'boobs 'n box. Me, I kyna like it but m'man, he's alla time askin' me ta clean up, y'know? Wal, I kyna like the way it looks oozed all ovah m'neck 'n arms 'n bonghole, so's I awliz tells'm, 'I ain't wipin' ya goo offa my mout' till yuz crawls up m'hole jez one mo time. Now that maybe blackmail ta some, but ta me, it's jez what the doc ordered."

RANDY JONES

GEISHA GOES APE

We recently came across an item about an American lawyer who was acting as agent for a man-like ape who was interested in making it with a homo sapien woman, OK? So, out of the woodwork comes this part-time raw-fish waitress in Tokyo who'll do the dirty deed. Almost.... After she chickened out, we called the mouthpiece and offered him Andrea Ambers. He turned her down. Bad for the gorilla's image, he said.

a woodtit grass-stash, at last.

Just what the world needed: a woodtit grass-stash. There's a New York woodcarver who makes chests . . . beautifully sculptured, hand-rubbed breast chests! They open up for storage. You can get them from Touch Of Wood, 490 West End Ave., Dept. 12S, N.Y., N.Y. 10024. It's $14.95 for one; $25 for a pair. There are 2 styles: a grass stash and a snow stash. Mix and match?

AMERI cheri

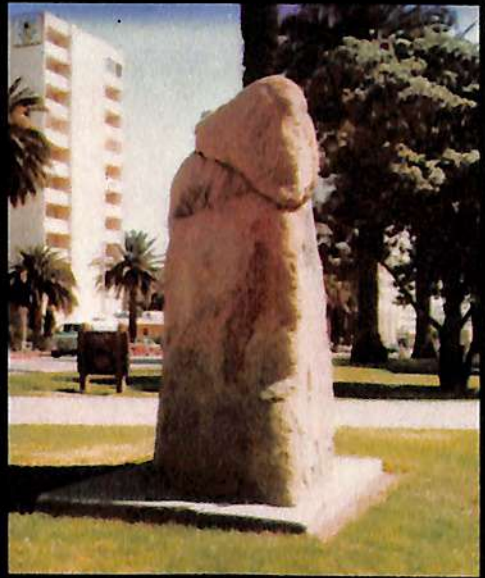
© 1976 Krupp Comic Works, Inc.

BIZARRE SEX IS BACK

Bizarre Sex, an underground comic, is now in its fifth avatar. It's bigger (magazine size) but is it better? *Kondum* was funny as was *This Is Your Wife*. And the back cover (left) delights. But, on the whole, *B.S.#5* disappoints. Still, it's worth the buck you send to Kitchen Sink, P.O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisc. 54968.

MOTHER NATURE'S HARD-ON

Exactly what were the Native Sons of California thinking about when they erected this monumental erection in memory of Juan Cabrillo, discoverer of Santa Monica Bay? This stone stands proudly atop L.A.'s Palisades Park, where it was found by our own Ric Dante. Writes Ric, "It hasn't become a major tourist attraction yet, but that's because everybody's been looking at it all wrong. Perhaps it just needs publicity. Maybe they should have made it a fountain? Or used it in one of the King Dong flicks. Whatever it is, California's the place to stick it in, that's for sure."



RIC DANTE

Yogi Behr, rising star of the rutted dirt ovals, showed us his stuff last month at the Pocono Downs in his cherry red and black CHERI-mobile. Our man, who licks cigars, women and Maserattis with equal ease, was proceeding apace until the whole machine blew up in his face on the second lap. We here at CHERI are used to being preemies in bed, and we've been involved in a lot of chicanery, but this is the first time we've ever exploded prematurely on a dirt track.

CHERI BURNS RUBBER

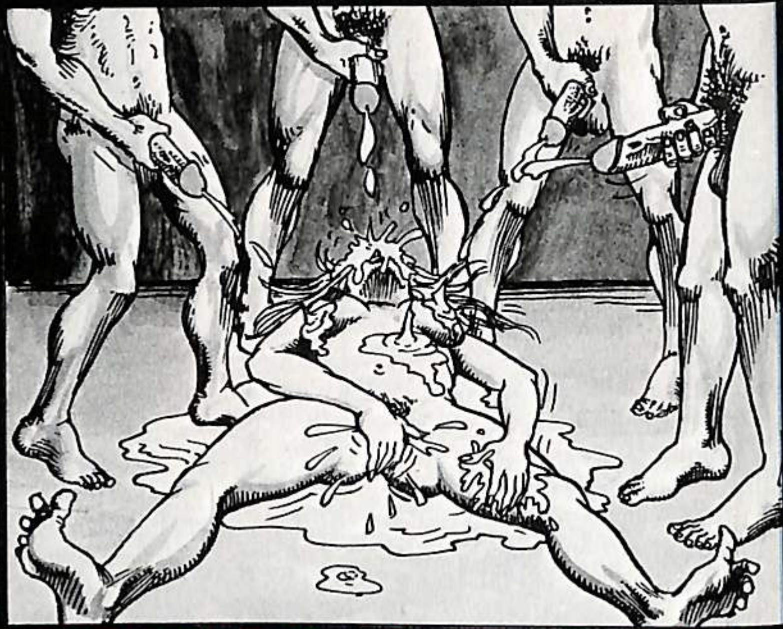
Armageddon 3, one of the wildest macho/macha fuck stories ever told. A fanto-odyssey thru deep space, including elements of revenge, science, fucking

get your hot armageddons here

"SHAILA, SHAILA, YOU'RE MINE FOREVER... I LOVE YOU, ONLY YOU."
"YES, BILLY, YES, I'M YOURS AND YOU'RE MINE FOREVER. FUCK ME. FUCK ME TO DEATH. FUCK YOUR STRENGTH INTO ME. GIVE IT ALL TO ME, BABY BILLY. YES..."

and cannibalism. Forty-four dynamite drawings by Barney Steel. A true collector's item in its new revised edition. It's $5.00 per copy and can be ordered from Barney Steel Enterprises, P.O. Box 996, Colton, Calif. 92324. The cover is a husky color painting and the insides are on tough bookstock.

GARY KROMAN



JISMGASM!

What do you call a circle-jerk gang-bang? A jismgasm maybe? Carole Altman's new kneeslapper, *The Orgasm Book*, has more foul jokes and drawings than you can shake a dick at. It's $5.00 at "X" bookstores.

YOU'VE SEEN HARRY REEMS IN "DEEP THROAT"

CAN YOU PICTURE HIM IN JAIL?

Harry Reems, who acted for one day in the film "Deep Throat" for $100 in 1972 was recently found guilty of "a national conspiracy to transport interstate obscene materials." That's the distribution. If this conjures up visions of Harry lurking in dark bus stations with prints of the movie jammed into deep raincoat pockets, put them aside. *Harry, like any other actor in any other movie, collected his salary, and signed a standard contract giving up all further involvement with the film*—where,it was to play, how it was to be edited, who was to have the profits. He never got another penny. He went home and forgot about it. Nevertheless, in 1974, he was roused in the middle of the night and arrested by the FBI, because the United States Government had decided to prosecute Harry Reems for conspiracy under an obscenity ruling passed EIGHTEEN MONTHS AFTER HE FINISHED HIS JOB. Does this make sense to you? It didn't to Harry. But he was taken to Memphis, Tennessee, where he had never been before, and in 1976 spent nine and a half weeks on trial in a Federal courthouse. The verdict was guilty.

HARRY REEMS NOW FACES FIVE YEARS IN JAIL And/Or A $10,000 FINE.

If Harry Reems can't raise the money to appeal his case and get this verdict reversed, the government has won. They've found a way to use the criminal conspiracy laws to legislate morality. They've found a way to threaten the creative freedom of all artists. Not just movie actors. Writers, photographers, sculptors and painters. Harry Reems is the first victim. When artists are afraid to sell their work for fear of being brought to trial years later in some town that believes they should be punished for creating it, what will be left? And if they can be judged by laws that weren't even in existence when they created that work, who among us is safe? Not even you. Because your Constitutional rights to see, view, read and express yourself as you choose will be gone.

THE GOVERNMENT THINKS IT HAS WON.

Appeals cost money, and Harry's bankrupt. The government has spent millions of your tax dollars to prosecute Harry (and he faces another expensive trial for his role in "The Devil In Miss Jones" in February). Harry has only your contributions to rely on. Please send what you can afford.

YOU BE THE JUDGE

Please accept my contribution in the amount of $____ made payable to "The Harry Reems Legal Defense Fund," to help aid in the defense of Harry Reems and the preservation of our basic freedoms.

Name ________________

Address ________________

City ________________

State ________ Zip ________

Mail to: The Harry Reems Legal Defense Fund,
Suite 1030
120 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

d

The space and creative services for this advertisement have been donated.

In her column, which appears on the opposite page, sexpot Petunia Camero talks about her recent meeting with Harry Reems and some of his famous supporters (including such lumies as Jules Feiffer, Dick Cavett and Eli Wallach, all pictured below). Harry's taken a bum rap

HARRY NEEDS YOU!

and we urge all of you who love CHERI and who treasure free speech to help him out any way you can. As Harry goes, so could we.

CARL KRAVATS AND ABE BOLOGNA

Real-Life Adventures in The Skin Trade

ABE BOLOGNA

Petunia and Kojak

Petunia and Cycle Slut

RIC DANTE

It Could Be You And Me Next Week But. . . .

This week it's Herb Streicher, aka Harry Reems, the best-known, worst-paid movie star in America.

FACT SHEET: *Harry Reems, conspirator-actor-martyr.*

Work: Thespian, January 1972. One day's labor. Recompense: $100.

Arrest: By the FBI, July 1974.

Conviction: "National conspiracy to transport obscene materials interstate."

Sentence: Maximum of five years in jail and/or $10,000.

"Dr. Young," the whacky gyno whose penal dimensions made Linda Lovelace prove she could do deep throat, made both filmic and criminological history quite by accident. The way I hear it, Harry was working on the technical crew and impressed into dramatic service when the lead actor didn't show up.

Who would have dreamed that this one-day, one-joke wonder was going to be a colossal cultural and financial success. Certainly not H. Streicher-Reems. He released all his rights by signing a standard actor's release, grabbed his hard-earned hundred bucks, and split.

Two years later, in July of '74, our errant knight is arrested in the middle of the night by FBI armed with a federal warrant and extradited to Memphis, Tenn. By this time, Linda Lovelace is a household word. *Deep Throat* is a part of the vocabulary, already retranslated as part of the Watergate scandal. Gerard Damiano, *Throat* director, is working with the biggest budgets in porn history.

And Harry Reems takes the fall. After a nine-week, four-milion-dollar trial, the ultimate obscenity: conviction.

Condemned under a Supreme Court ruling passed almost a year *after* he made the film, Harry Reems becomes the first artist ever to be prosecuted on the federal level.

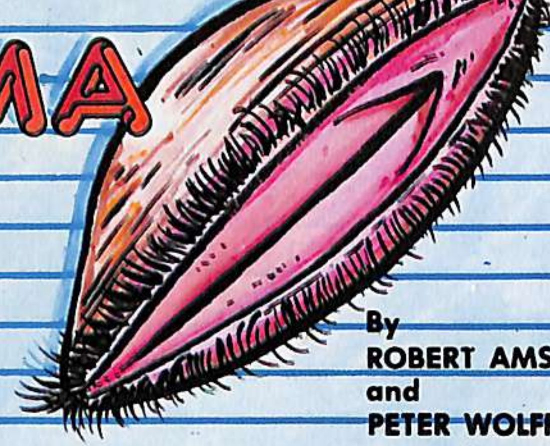
Who cares? Just about everybody in the arts and entertainment field who gives a shit about being free enough to

(Continued on page 98)

ABE BOLOGNA

Petunia and Stavros

CLAM-O-RAMA



CHERI's monthly review of fliXXX about town

By
ROBERT AMSEL
and
PETER WOLFF

SEX CRAZED Moist and meaty, this film is a winner. Sultry Sharon Mitchell, to be worshipped in the next edition of CHERI, stars with an exceptionally talented cast that includes Veri, that delectable tidbit who's fit to be tied—and usually is. Under the stars and over the stairs the sex scenes in this film are sizzling hot. The premise of this flick is the turning of the proverbial tables—the ladies become the rigid rapists and start terrorizing guys nationwide. A fun film not to be missed.

(AA)

SWEET CAKES The creators of Honeypie have given us a new series of racy vignettes. A Southern belle uses her mouth to get the South to rise again. A high-school nymphet teaches an innocent lad where to shove his kielbasi. A sophisticated hooker gets tied up in knots over a midwestern "john." Twin sisters give incest a spin and lesbianism a whirl. Jennifer Welles, Serena, Jean Dalton, Linda Wong, Brooke and Taylor Young, and Pat Lee could get a rise out of a dead man in this cum-coated marathon.

(RA)

ODYSSEY Gerald Damiano's latest effort. A lush tribute to sex star Suzanne McBain and an unprecedented collection of new, often cum-stained faces. Famous for his high-budgeted extravaganzas, this outrageously orgiastic flick is no exception. For those of you who are into leather and bondage—and I know you're out there—this film will really be a special treat. The great thing about films like this is you can take a date and pretend you thought it was an "art" film. Definitely a no-no for raincoat strokers, if you do have the urge to touch yourself during this film you should have a cashmere jacket or at least a copy of The Wall Street Journal.

(AA)

ADVENTURES OF A BIONIC LOVER This frolicsome fuck-and-suck farce is a must-go-see for those of you who like to laugh and flog your log at the same time. The story revolves around Marvin Screwloose, a haplessly horny loser, until the intervention of a mad doctor and a bionic wiener. Salacious segments include "The Fantasy Game" a futurist spin-off of brother "Dating," an S/M session a la Charlie Chaplin and a tour of SIF—the Sexual Instrumentation Factory—which stars for the first time ever, JUDY, the blow-up plastic pussy. Other celestial comelies starring in this smorgasbord of sensual suckies are the luscious Rebecca Brooke (you remember her from our SWEETMEAT Valentine spread), the juicy Juliet Graham and a newcomer who will really knock you out, Drew Sinclair.

THE INCREDIBLE TORTURE SHOW Barf-city. If you get your thrills from dry-gagging then this revolting flick is just your cup of tea. This film has absolutely no social or sexually redeeming value whatsoever. The story is based loosely, and limply, around a chump named Sardu who, with his assistant, a perverted, demented dwarf, performs a series of unnatural acts gross enough to even make hard-core snuff-addicts blush. Along with a combo of cannibal women this cozy collection of sickies enjoy such luxuries as lunching on fried eyeballs, strained brains and sauteed human flesh. This epic then continues with a chaotically climactic culmination of mass dismemberment, mostly of half-naked beauteous blondes. Friends, this film is the pits. A scuzzy sham best not seen to be believed.

— (AA)

THE GROOVE ROOM This piece of period porn is a lusty look at sex Victorian style. Closet closet-lovers and bloomer-bangers will definitely appreciate this film for its historical accuracy. For the rest of you sleazy pervos there's a poon-pulling, extravagantly endowed female named Sue Longhurst who gets kidnapped and is forced to do the most degrading things. The clincher on this dork-diddling flick is the cameo appearance of oldie but goodie Diana Dors as a madame of a local bordello. Will wonders never cease, today Diana Dors, tomorrow Gloria Swanson. . . ?

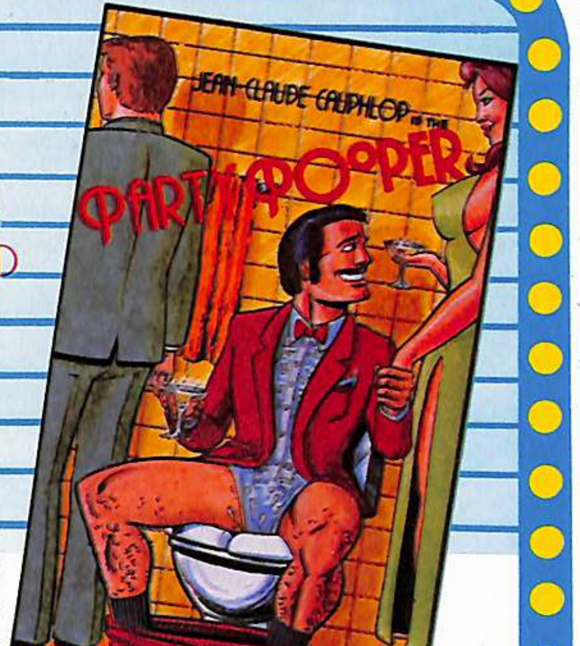
(AA)

NO NAMES PLEASE

DISGUSTING HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

By Telly Tall

(Telly Tall is the pseudonym for one of America's most-widely published gossip columnists.)



THE LAST OF THE BIGTIME PARTY POOPERS

This entertainment hotshot is a household word in homes and huts from here to the horse latitudes . . . but until now, his dark and dingy secret life is known to very few. In order to ward off the pressures of show biz, this biggie gets loose after every major public appearance by throwing a party in the grand Hollywood tradition—black tie, of course.

However, our Biggie greets his guests in a big, baggy diaper. This is to indicate the coming menu for the gala—have you guessed it? He's a great big turd-tasting toon. His guests arrive in ermine, pearls and other boutique baubles, and champagne flows as the usual movie-hustle shit-chat begins.

But that's not why they were invited. Shit-chat is not Mr. Stoolie's bag—he's into pervo party games like chocolate charades. This consists of acting out famous songs and dramatic works such as "Do I Love You?" or *I Do, I Do*. These are followed by other fecal favorites. Frolic like this, he feels, helps break the ice.

But the ultimate kick is saved for last. Our illustrious host is led, according to plan, into a large bathroom where an exceptionally gorgeous starlet is instructed to give him an enema as his doting guests look on. At the point of release, they all applaud.

The whole mess, including the pig that made it, is then stuffed into a big plastic bag—the hefty garbage kind you tie at the top. He breathes, in case you're worried, through a flexible plastic straw punched through the upper reaches.

Now he begins what he calls his "party roll." What a smelly sight! A number one star going bananas rollicking about in number two and keeping warm. The guests, having supplied the requisite loving attention, now go back to drinking and dancing, knowing he'll be happy as a pig in you-know-what as he squishes about. Would Rona say he's dung-ho about doo-doo—if she dared? And if every party's *gotta* have a pooper . . . .

AC/DC MC

Here's the steamy skinny surrounding a talk-show host who's been trading tidbits with stars for an eternity plus, but who in reality would really rather be conversing with Comet. Explanation: this syndicated sweetheart of the tube is really a secret scrubber. True, boys and girls, this host—with whom we are all familiar has been carrying on a double life—one as a bright, witty interviewer and the other as a raunchy combination of Hazel and Mr. Clean.

Rumor has it that after the show is taped, our S.S. (Secret Scrubber) races out of the studio to his favorite bordello or other house of sin and general no-good. There he is greeted at the door by an incredibly edible dominatrix who immediately makes him change out of his subdued suit into a frilly apron, a dowdy housefrau cleaning-dress complete with a hairnet—tied so he has a little black nubby in the middle of his forehead *plus* a pair of fluffy, unmatched bedroom slippers. Dig this visual! Well, dressed and raring to go, our AC/DC MC is led to the bathroom where his chores are about to begin.

Standing over him stilettoed and meshed, our girl of the hour pushes him roughly to his knees and screams something along the lines of, "Start scrubbing, you swine!" At this point our host with the most (this of course is up for debate) begins to clean the bathtub which has been especially dirtied for this orgiastic occassion. (One time seven naked cum-filled hookers bathed there after laying it on the line for a local hardhat convention—leaving a ring beyond *belief*.) After he finishes the tub he is usually beaten with a dishrag for forgetting to pull the pubies out of the drain. This flagellation leaves his cock straining a bit at the, "I-can't-believe-I'm-wearing-this-fuckin'-girdle-girdle" he is forced to don.

Moving right along he starts washing down the tiles, which get nice and grimy—especially in the little cracks between the tacky tile designs. Often when he can't get to the filth with his cloth he is forced to use his tongue, but that's neither here nor there.

By this time our comely custodian of this excursion into perverse cleanliness usually calls in a few of the girls to dirty up the place a bit. One of our man-maid's favorite ladies of the evening (and occasionally mid-afternoon) comes in, flicking her ciggy on the ammonia-drenched squeaky-clean floor, which causes him to shudder and squeal. This in turn causes our loose lovely to use our MC as a human ashtray. This practice results in great pain and scars, which he explains to the make-up lady, is a series of tatoos he got during the war.

PREVIEWS OF CUMMING ATTRACTIONS

Coming attractions . . . . Next month I'll be dishing dirt on a famous game-show host who's known to be a frequent winner in waterfront leather bars . . . and a newly appointed Washington aid who's collection of dildos has Georgetown jumping . . . a teenage movie star who's still into mama's milk . . . and a singing brother and sister who have more in common than the same mother.

ONE HELLUVA HALLOWEEN

By MISTRESS DANIELLE

Photos by Patrisha Daugsiewicz

In Boston, PUMA's prozzies flashed beaver and hardassed the Establishment.

BEAN CITY

BOSTON, MASS.—Cambridge is on the map for Radcliffe, MIT and Harvard . . . and, for one wild night a while back, the Hookers' Halloween Masquerade Ball. We sisters didn't waste any time asking if the time was ripe . . . we just did it. PUMA needed cash and the town needed a little excitement, and we thought that exposure . . . *decent* exposure . . . was just the ticket, this time.

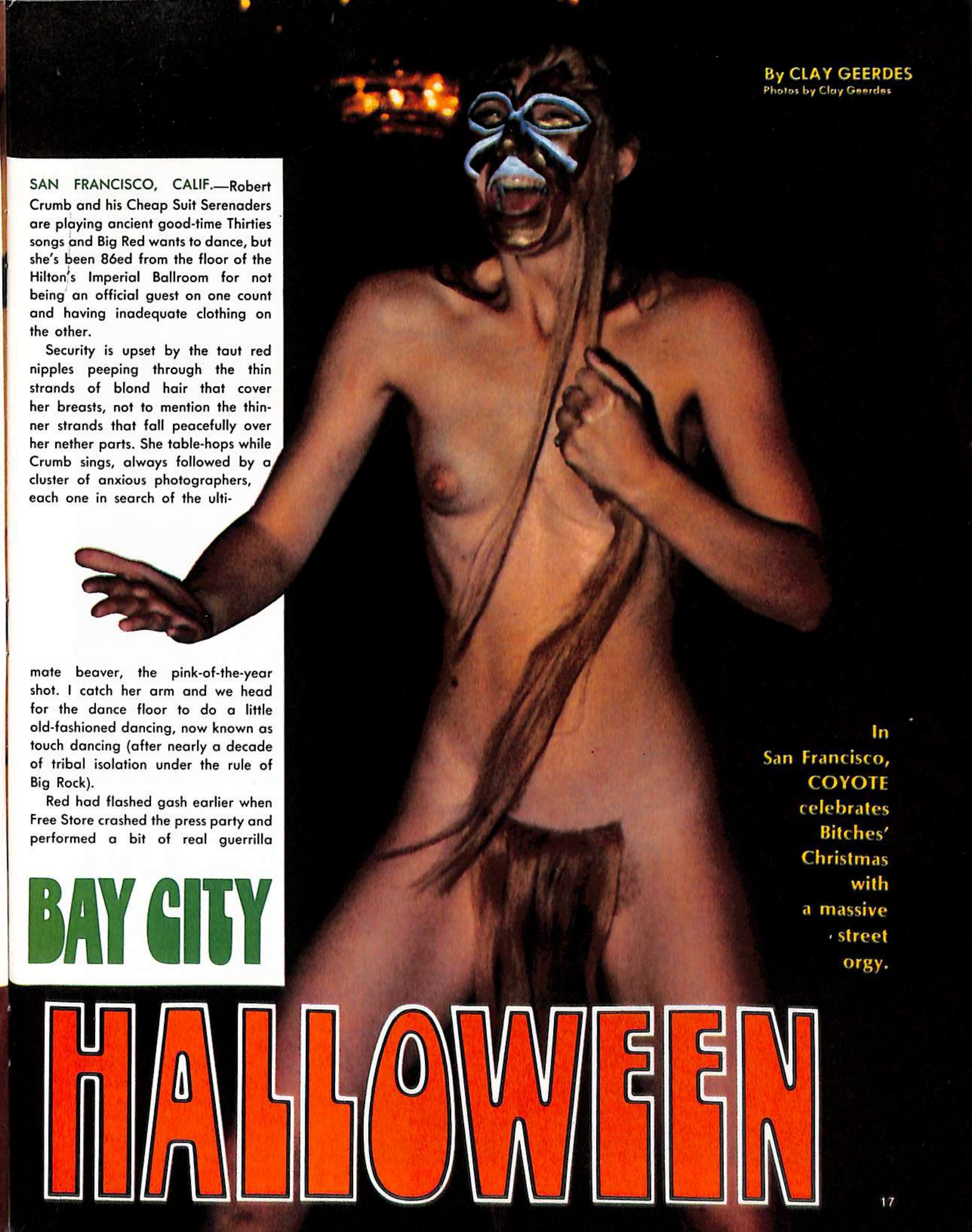
But it was risky. Ladies of the evening get straights so *upset*, sometimes. We're just so sexy and provocative, you know. When I walked into The Club with my husband, however, I realized the evening was legit. There was Boston's classiest society gossip, Martin Slobodkin, recording the event. It's quite a leap from paddy-wagon hassles to society-page publicity, but we were ready for it.

Most of the guests were under 35, but there were a few sharp-looking older johns hanging out. Everyone was relaxed, very mellow, like normal grown-ups in a party scene. Were we becoming *that* socially acceptable?

My husband and I had decided to

By CLAY GEERDES

Photos by Clay Geerdes



In San Francisco, COYOTE celebrates Bitches' Christmas with a massive street orgy.

BAY CITY

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Robert Crumb and his Cheap Suit Serenaders are playing ancient good-time Thirties songs and Big Red wants to dance, but she's been 86ed from the floor of the Hilton's Imperial Ballroom for not being an official guest on one count and having inadequate clothing on the other.

Security is upset by the taut red nipples peeping through the thin strands of blond hair that cover her breasts, not to mention the thinner strands that fall peacefully over her nether parts. She table-hops while Crumb sings, always followed by a cluster of anxious photographers, each one in search of the ultimate beaver, the pink-of-the-year shot. I catch her arm and we head for the dance floor to do a little old-fashioned dancing, now known as touch dancing (after nearly a decade of tribal isolation under the rule of Big Rock).

Red had flashed gash earlier when Free Store crashed the press party and performed a bit of real guerrilla

BEAN CITY

dress as a slave/dominant couple, figuring that the real hookers would come in almost any other costume. And I loved the idea of tantalizing the fuzz photogs with such a cheap, irresistible shot. Maybe it wouldn't have worked if I didn't have such a sweet, innocent face. But what's Halloween for?

We got a drink and began chatting with friends. Odd costumes showed up: Mickey Mouse, Groucho Marx, The Three Blind Mice. I was leaning back comfortably into the ambiance of the place when a pal came over and told me I

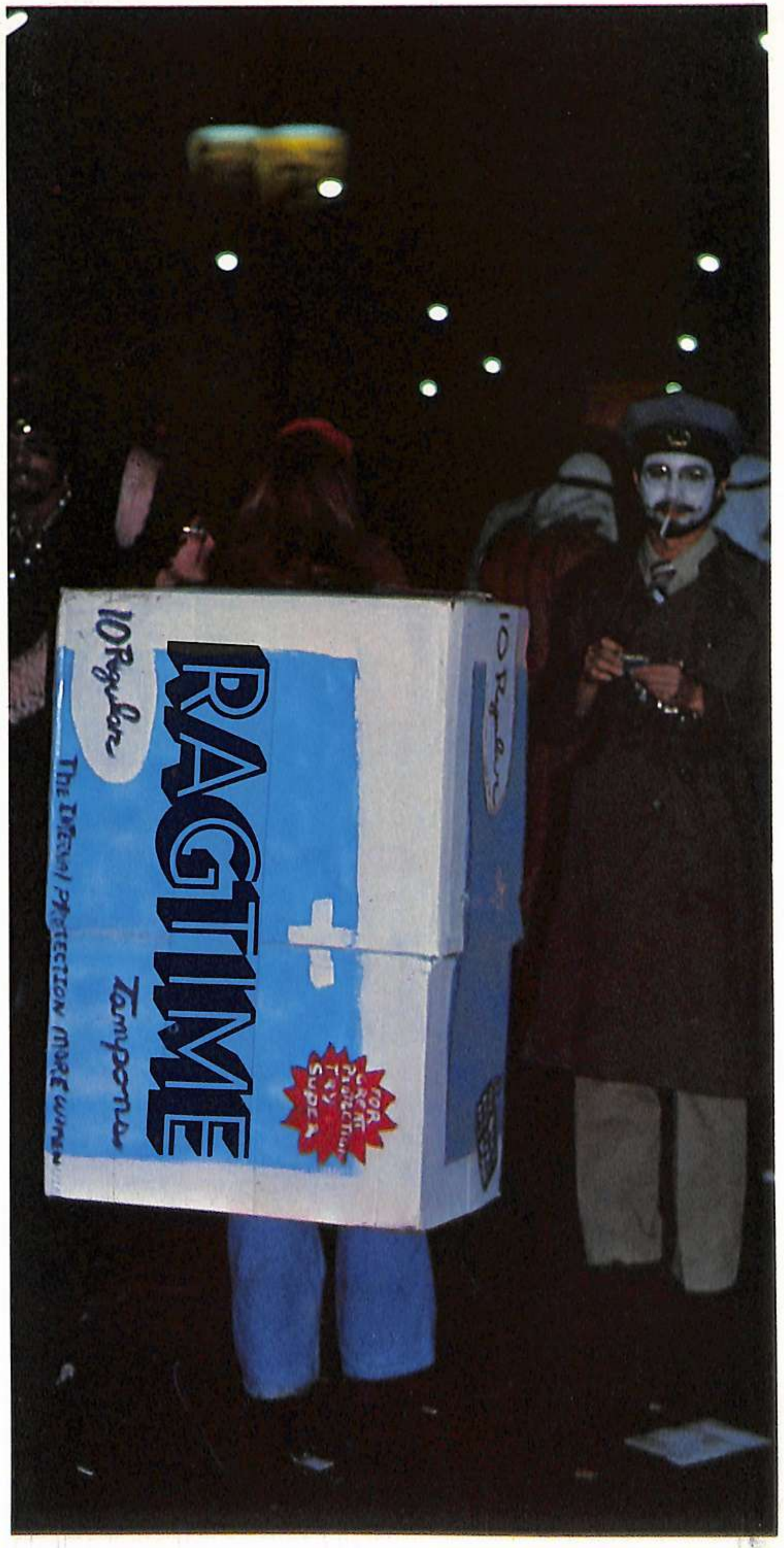
BAY CITY

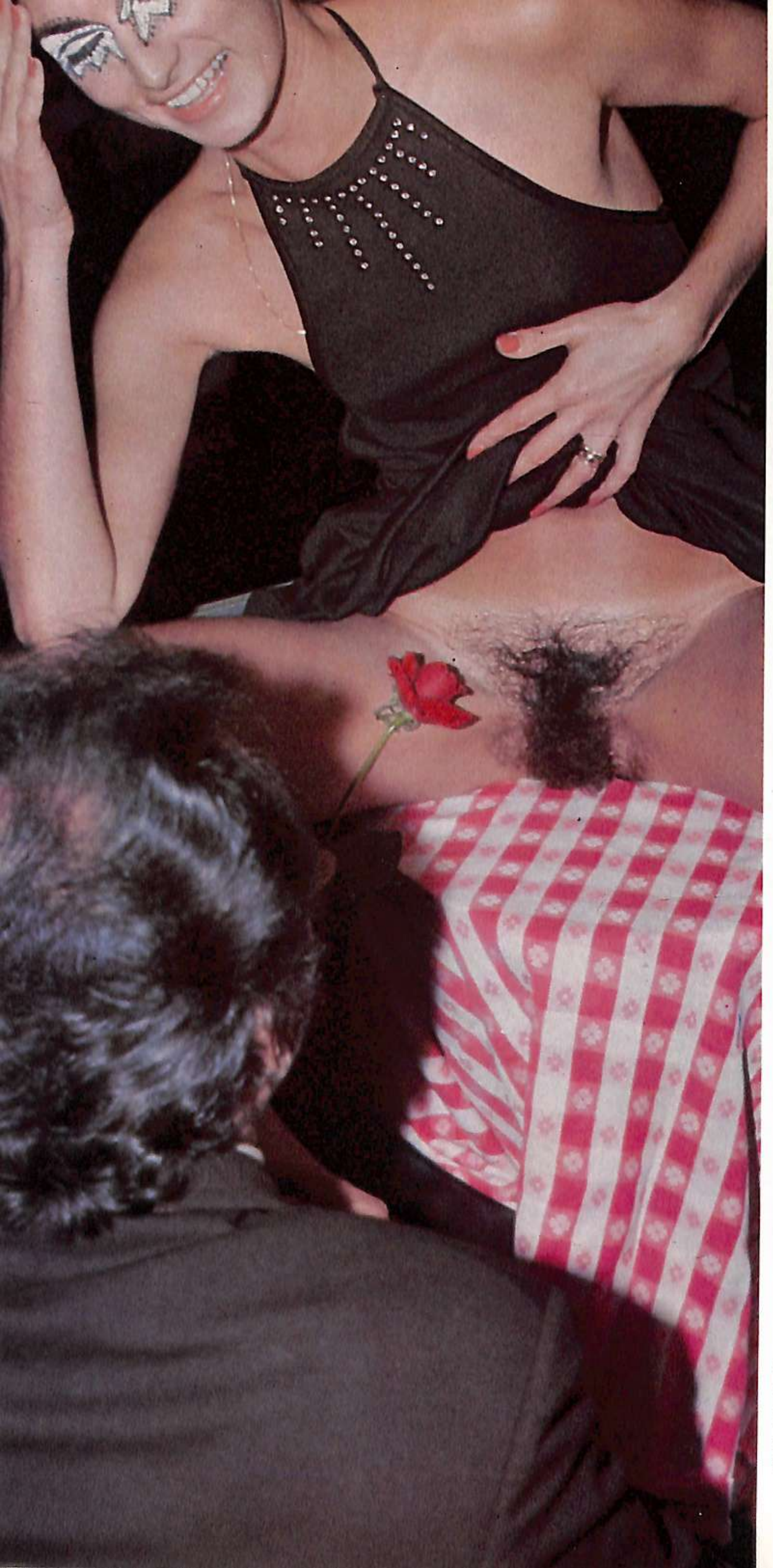
theater. To watch those two men with their hairy faces and business suits dance through the Hilton lobby, shadowed by two nearly naked women, several security guards, and dozens of straights whose brains would never be the same, was a slice of modern poetry, a flash of pure psychedelic culture.

Big Red spins away from me, kicks her right leg in a wide arc out over a prone photographer, and settles down over his nose. A bit of perfume for the media.

Now a tall man in denim drag races over. "Just one

(Continued on page 70)





BEAN CITY

was wanted for an interview.

The Associated Press was represented before my very eyes by a young, smirking and very nervous reporter. What did he expect I'd do . . . solicit him? I don't think his smirking was anything more than nerves, but I was very glad he had only a few questions for me.

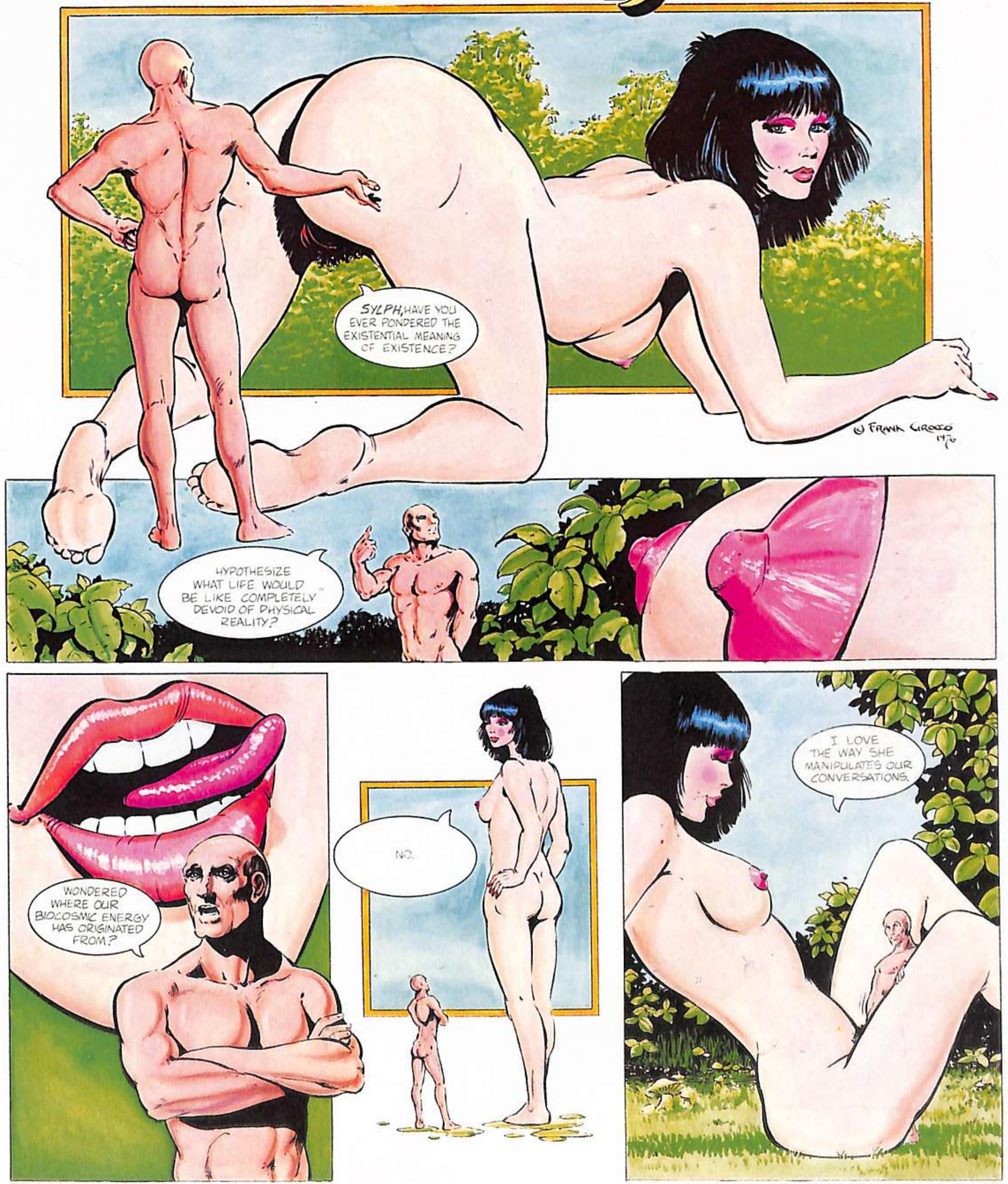
Just as the band . . . Juice, don't you love the name? . . . started up, Steve Lewis, one of the PUMA founders, asked me if I'd talk to a guy from the *Boston Phoenix*. Now there was an okay newspaper, tolerant, even. They allowed me to advertise my services in their "Personals" section, so I thought, why not?

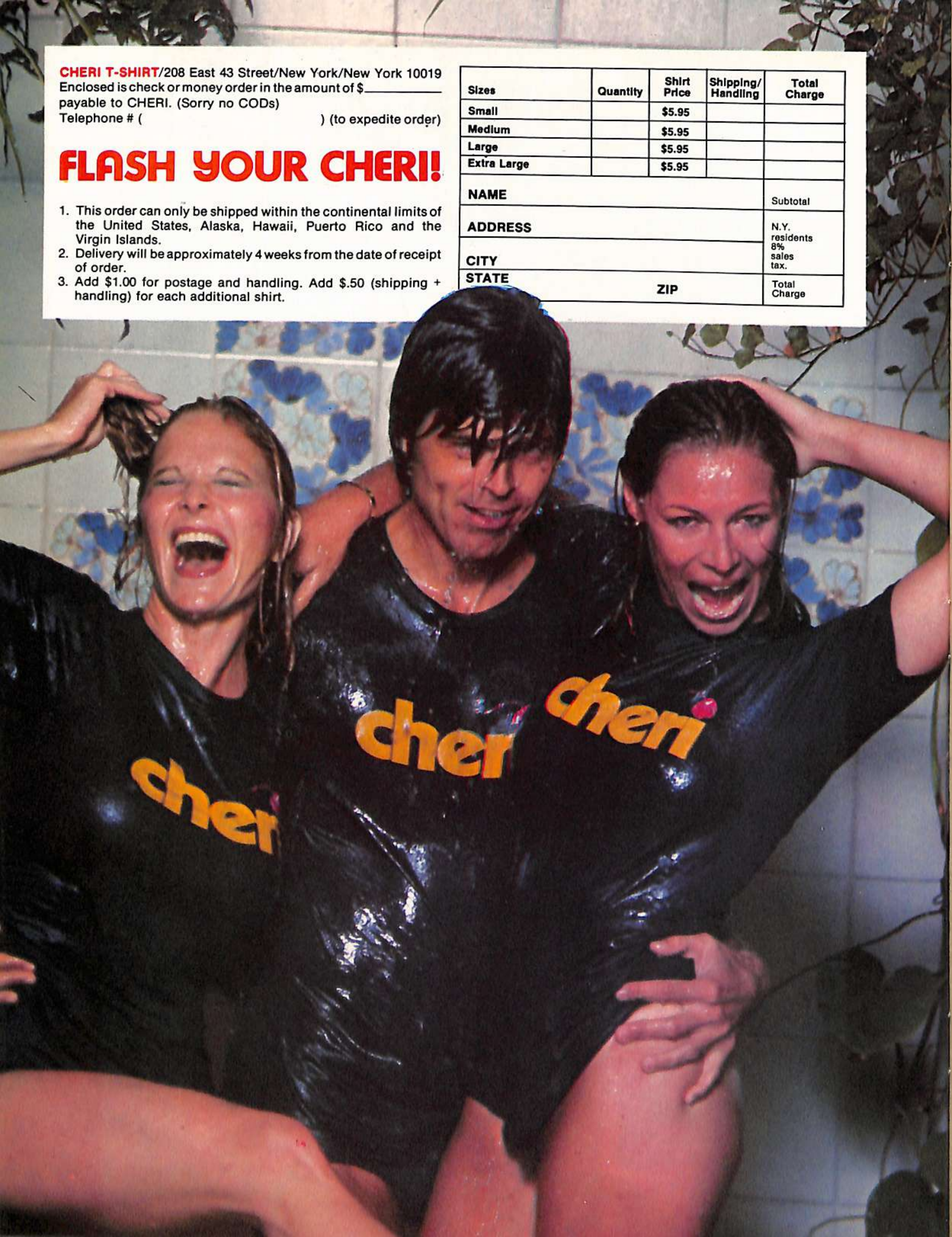
An hour and twenty minutes later and two impassioned messages from my husband later, I found out why not. I'd gone from a newsman who couldn't handle me to one who would . . . well . . . like to try, or maybe he just found me interesting. But I wanted to mingle with the guests and do some interviewing of my own. At the very least, I'd like to spend some time with the man I came in with.

Two friends came by in amazing costume, red for Mars and green for Venus. "Aerthra" was nicely decked out in emerald body paint, bush and all. It was a weird turn-on. It got me to wondering what the sex trade would be like on the planets. Listen, we're everywhere.

Her martian lover, "Zengor," had a hot red tassel hanging in front of his cock. Here was a couple you could really fall in love with. And "Aerthra," to boot—haha—was a fellow dominatrix. She's not yet a dues-paying member of PUMA, but she supports decriminalization, and thought the Ball was a *(Continued on page 54)*

SYLPH


SYLPH, HAVE YOU EVER PONDERED THE EXISTENTIAL MEANING OF EXISTENCE?
© FRANK CIROCCO 1978
HYPOTHESIZE WHAT LIFE WOULD BE LIKE COMPLETELY DEVOID OF PHYSICAL REALITY?
WONDERED WHERE OUR BIOCOSMIC ENERGY HAS ORIGINATED FROM?
NO.
I LOVE THE WAY SHE MANIPULATES OUR CONVERSATIONS.



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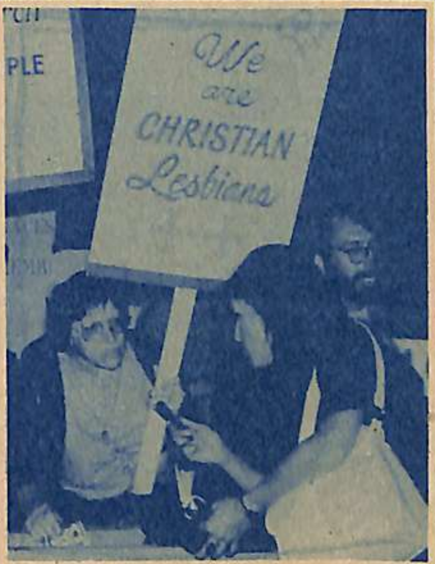
NAME Subtotal
ADDRESS N.Y. residents 8% sales tax.
CITY
STATE ZIP Total Charge

KANSAS CITY STARK



Jody Maxwell, divine diva and consummate cocksucker, once again brazenly investigates crimes that don't often get front-page coverage. . . . Would you believe the back pages of the Daily Worker? This month our Winnie Winkle of the CHERI comelies researches a bizarre S/M cult that was recently busted in Kansas City. Eagerly anticipating her next assignment, our juicy journalist can be reached directly c/o CHERI.

Sado-masochism Kansas City style.

by JODY MAXWELL

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

A threatening sado-masochistic cult terrorizing Grandview, Missouri has recently been busted. The realization of such an organization, which primarily involved itself with teenage boys and girls, stunned the 30,000 citizens of this absolute epitome of mid-American suburbia.

As a result of the limited press coverage given this strange organization and its members, and my own surprise at its actual existence and duration (before the bust) in the good old swinging suburban heartland, I decided to find out more details than were relayed by the press.

Donald Mays, a chubby 33-year-old Vietnam veteran, headed the organization, which was named "Claws of the Tiger." He apparently came up with the idea for the organization and its structure while stationed in Vietnam. It was a highly structured arrangement in the pyramid style with The Tiger at the peak. Members (general, i.e., the Claws . . .) were on the lowest level of the pyramid. Near the top of the pyramid was the Grand Master, who happened to be Donald Mays. Only the Board of Masters and The Tiger were higher, which was convenient for Mays, since the alleged people in those positions were supposedly located in other parts of the world and were, in actuality, nonexistent. The Tiger was supposed to be an oriental who ruled the whole organization from his own country. While none of this was found to be true, the fact that the members believed it so, was an effective way to help keep the members in line.

Mays, as Grand Master, appointed commanders, enforcers, investigators, trainers, etc., who had titles and code names in both English and Oriental, such as Colonel and Captain, Lin-Chow and Mi-Ti-Lin, and had positions on the pyramid. There were, also, specific duties for each position and a code of laws and rules.

As I learned more about the "Claws of the Tiger" I wondered how Mays had been able to convert his demonic vision into a reality.

After Mays' discharge from the service, he came back to Grandview and got a job as a maintenance man. He started frequenting places where teenagers worked, such as convenience stores and drive-in restaurants. After becoming friendly with some of the teenage boys, he began inviting them over to his apartment for beer, because they were under age (Mo. legal drinking age is 21), and for marijuana. (The known membership found out by the police at the time of the bust was composed of teenage boys, ages 15 thru 19, and teenage girls, ages 13 thru 19).

As time progressed, Mays convinced the boys they should join this special ultra-secret organization whose purpose was allegedly for the furtherance of brotherhood, advancement of the martial arts and self-development. He promised to appoint them to various positions within the club. Only the sadism and bondage weren't mentioned until after the boys joined.

The boys had girlfriends, as Mays was aware. Once the boys were in the club, Mays had them invite the girls over to his apartment (which was also the club's headquarters) and get them high on booze and dope. Mays had an assistant, a 19-year-old girl he had previously indoctrinated. She was supposed to make the girls feel more comfortable and relaxed.

When the teenage girls were finally happy and high Mays would lay a most unusual line on them, saying that they (he, the boys and his female assistant) were going to teach the girls how to be women. He'd continue telling them that women have to suffer and they (the guys) should teach the girls how to survive if they were raped or whatever. He concluded by impressing upon the young chicks that it's a mean old world out there and they'd be better off by joining the organization. Some of them were even told before joining that once they were in, they couldn't get out. They joined, anyway.

After a girl came into the club, her initiation ritual began. Mays and his female assistant would take the girl into a bedroom while everyone else stayed in the living room. Then Mays would order the young teenager to remove her clothing. Mays and his assistant would also strip. There were several variations on what followed next, depending on the girl and other factors, but there were some basics always followed regardless of the variations.

Next, Mays or his assistant would take the naked initiate's photograph. Then the girl's hands would be tied either over her head or behind her back, depending on what Mays had planned. After the hands were secured they would gag the girl by means of a small rubber ball (handball size) about 2" large with a hole punched in it and a string running through it. The ball would be placed in her mouth and secured by the string, so that the teenager wouldn't make any noise.

There was a pulley suspended from the bedroom ceiling to which they would then attach the initiate, either by her tied hands or fingers over her head, or by her bound feet if her hands were tied behind her back. Then she was pulled up off the ground.

While Mays was doing this to the initiate, his assistant would be standing by with a Performance Appraisal chart on which they would grade the girl in about 10 categories on a one-to-five scale, one being tops and five unsatisfactory. There were also spaces for various comments.

Next, Mays would bring out a short black rawhide riding whip named "The Black Bitch." As the assistant kept score, Mays would give the initiate 25 blows on her buttocks, breasts or whatever he felt appropriate. The girl's rating was determined by her reaction to the whipping, the less

(Continued on page 95)

THE BEEHIVE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

My puss is a creature unto itself.

Pittsburgh hasn't been the same since the pickle-popping, pussy-burgering, princess of the ping-pong set came to town. Continuing her nationwide tour of strip capitols in America, Honeysuckle Divine's latest pit stop really had citizens squirming. Bringing to her readers the usual squalid, peanut-butter stained slush, the divine Miss Honeysuckle proudly presents her latest and lewdest column. Continue to write our wayward but winsome lovely directly c/o CHERI.

photo by PETER HURD

Pittsburgh Pussyburger Scene Send Me Your Dreams For Free Dream Analysis

Greetings, art-lovers! I am writing to you from the historic William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh. I like this hotel much better than the Waldorf Astoria. A sexy orgy seems to be going on in the next room but I'm too tired to even listen.

I have been working at the world-famous Palace Theater in Pittsburgh this past week where I have popped over 1,000 ping-pong balls out of my pussy; made about 200 peanut-butter sandwiches on my puss; injected at least 200 Heinz pickles; played over 290 songs on a horn with my puss; blew out candles over 100 times with my puss; shot 290 ounces of Jergen's lotion out of my puss; smoked 29 cigarettes in my puss; shot 84 ounces of powder out of my puss; mopped the floor 29 times with my puss; and blew over 580 farts with my puss. Whew!

I have one more week to go. I autograph every ping-pong ball, writing, HONEYSUCKLE LOVES YOUR BALLS on each one. I put each sandwich in a brown-paper sack upon which I write, HONEYSUCKLE'S SPECIAL PEANUT-BUTTER PUSSYBURGER (JIMMY CARTER PEANUTS) TO GO and write the name of the person who wants it. I give away a copy of CHERI magazine (which I autogrpah) each show to the winner of the "Stump the Cunt' contest. Strangely enough, my pussy isn't at all tired but my fingers are!!

My puss seems to be a creature unto itself, completely independent of the rest of my body. Probably after I am dead and buried, my puss will be pushing up peanut-butter flavored daisies.

The Pittsburgh Steelers won over the Houston Oilers here today. Three guys who said they were from the Houston Oilers were at the theater yesterday, catching ping-pong balls out of my puss. I joked that they lost the game because they probably ate one of my pussyburger sandwiches. Sammy Petrillo, the comic MC here, jokes that I catered the Legionnaire Convention in Philadelphia.

Dick White, an artist here, made a fantastic painting of me shooting a baseball out of my puss with a guy at bat ready to hit it. I hope to get it published in CHERI soon.

Valerie Lavender, the Cherry girl and a dear friend, worked in Pittsburgh two weeks before I arrived. I caught her last show on Sunday night. A thin spotlight shined onstage at one point of her show and all I could see were her legs wrapped around a man's neck. I assume he was puling a cherry out of her puss. She is Pisces and very sexy. I highly recommend her show.

Torsha, a Baltimore beauty, had worked with me at Plaza Theater in Washington, D.C. a week before the election; we carried a sign saying, VOTE FORD onstage. We put our panties, bras, stockings, etc., over the sign as we stripped. It was written about in the "ear" column of the *Washington Star*. I used the code name, "Angie Baby" at that time. It seems that everyone I campaign for always loses. But, if any Democrats have any hard feelings, I want them to know that even though I campaigned for President Ford, I wouldn't kick Jimmy Carter out of bed.

It was a lot of fun working with the young, pretty Torsha at the Plaza Theater in Washington, D.C. She even went onstage when it was full of smoke, and did her dance, gasping for air. Unbeknownst to us, a new furnace was being installed and the smoke from the old one came pouring out of a wall vent while I was on. One guy panicked and ran out of the front row but the rest of the audience stayed, even though the smoke got thicker. In true show-biz tradition, I went on with the show. I moved my VOTE FORD sign and props to the other side of the stage, thinking the wall was on fire and might collapse. I told the audience I thought the place was on fire but not to be alarmed. My throat was burning from the heavy smoke as I left the stage, but the audience stayed another 20 minutes to watch Torsha's show. You know she had to be good for them to sit in that smoke and watch her.

I tried to get Torsha's picture for CHERI, but she wouldn't sign a model's release. She was in another magazine and got ripped off so she is leery of them now.

After I left the Plaza Theater, I tried to get Torsha to join me here in Pittsburgh, but she was booked elsewhere. My friend, Sharee Samar, from Washington, D.C., is coming on next week. After I told G——, a VIP from the Pittsburgh theater scene, that Sharee had performed at embassy parties in Washington, D.C., he said he planned to advertise her as the Washington Party Girl.

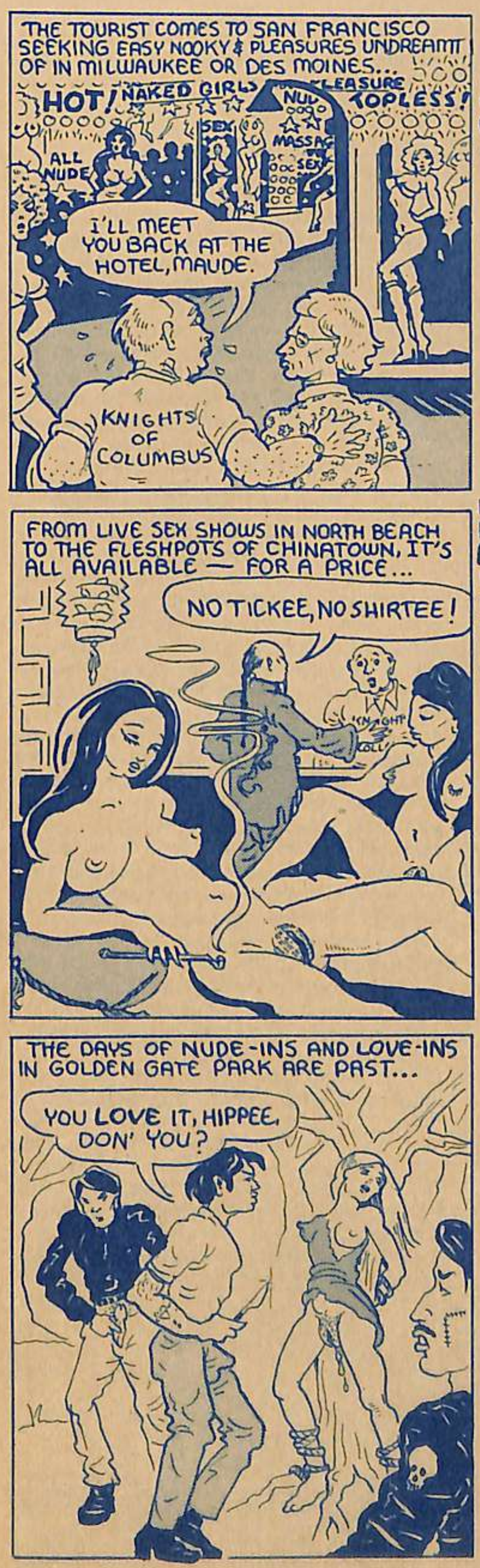
I was delighted to see Tara O'Hara again. She is going to dance with me and be my warm-up girl next week. I wrote about her in the January issue of CHERI. She reminds me so much of my sexy nymphet niece, Honey Child.

When Valerie Lavender and the theater crew joined G—— and me for dinner at Omar Khyan's Sunday night, I heard the rumor that a girl had sucked G——'s cock in the theater lobby. It seems she had been bugging him to let her suck it, so he finally whipped it out in the lobby, thinking she would be afraid to do it there. But, as I was told, "He whipped out his cock, and that simple-minded motherfucker dropped to her fucking knees." Some customers walked by, staring in a state of shock, as G—— directed them on into the theater.

They say only H——, the dark-eyed beauty at the ticket window knows if the rumor is true or not, and she's not talking, because if she does, G—— will fire her.

It has been a wonderful week even though I am exhausted. The *(Continued on page 97)*

BAY BALL GAME

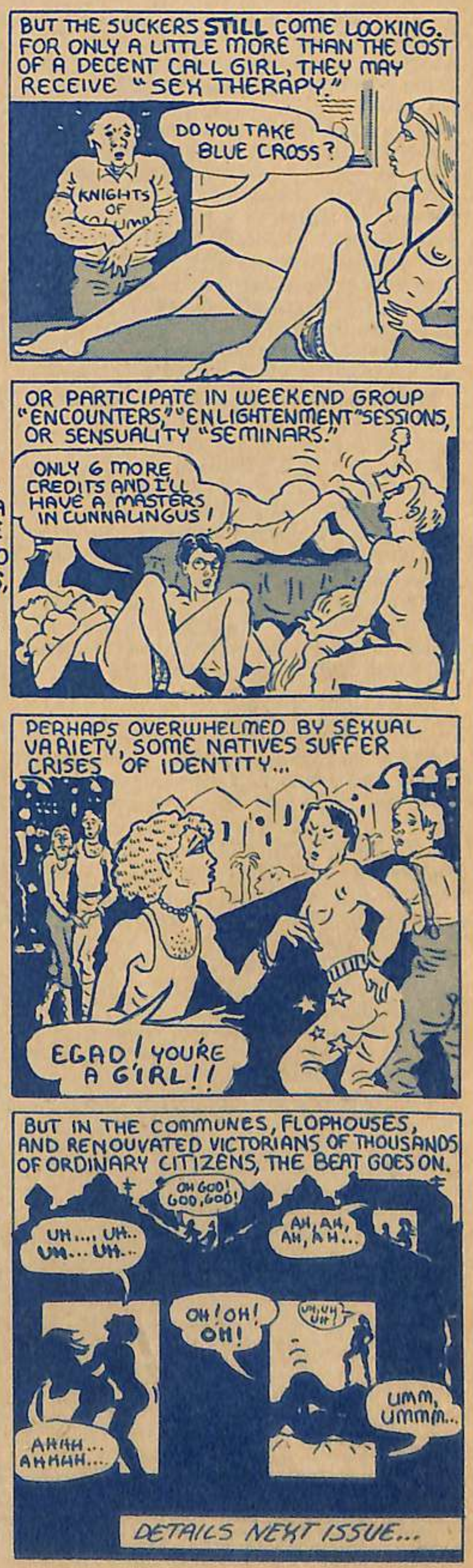

THE TOURIST COMES TO SAN FRANCISCO SEEKING EASY NOOKY & PLEASURES UNDREAMT OF IN MILWAUKEE OR DES MOINES...
HOT!
NAKED GIRLS
PLEASURE
NUDE
TOPLESS!
ALL NUDE
SEX
MASSAGE
SEX
I'LL MEET YOU BACK AT THE HOTEL, MAUDE.
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
FROM LIVE SEX SHOWS IN NORTH BEACH TO THE FLESHPOTS OF CHINATOWN, IT'S ALL AVAILABLE — FOR A PRICE...
NO TICKEE, NO SHIRTEE!
KNIGHT
THE DAYS OF NUDE-INS AND LOVE-INS IN GOLDEN GATE PARK ARE PAST...
YOU LOVE IT, HIPPEE, DON' YOU?

MARY SATIVA BEGAN HER CAREER IN EROTICA AS THE AUTHOR OF OLYMPIA PRESS BEST SELLER **ACID TEMPLE BALL**. A SOMETIME CONTRIBUTER TO **DUDE, GENT, ESCAPADE, & TITTERS,** AND CHARTER MEMBER OF S. F.'S UNDERGROUND COMICS SCENE, SHE FIRMLY BELIEVES PICTURES ARE EVEN SEXIER THAN WORDS...

WELCOME TO BABYLON WEST

By MARY SATIVA

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men


BUT THE SUCKERS STILL COME LOOKING. FOR ONLY A LITTLE MORE THAN THE COST OF A DECENT CALL GIRL, THEY MAY RECEIVE "SEX THERAPY."
DO YOU TAKE BLUE CROSS?
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
OR PARTICIPATE IN WEEKEND GROUP "ENCOUNTERS," "ENLIGHTENMENT" SESSIONS, OR SENSUALITY "SEMINARS."
ONLY 6 MORE CREDITS AND I'LL HAVE A MASTERS IN CUNNALINGUS!
PERHAPS OVERWHELMED BY SEXUAL VARIETY, SOME NATIVES SUFFER CRISES OF IDENTITY...
EGAD! YOU'RE A GIRL!!
BUT IN THE COMMUNES, FLOPHOUSES, AND RENOUVATED VICTORIANS OF THOUSANDS OF ORDINARY CITIZENS, THE BEAT GOES ON.
OH GOD! GOD, GOD!
UH..., UH.. UH... UH...
AH, AH, AH, AH...
OH! OH! OH!
UH, UH UH!
UMM, UMMM...
AHHH... AHHHH...
DETAILS NEXT ISSUE...

THE SLAVE TRADE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by TERRY KOLB

Hypnotized, humpy and fit to be tied.

Part I: All About Eve

L.A. attracts the wildest, most colorful (and mostly young) people—all of them seeking instant fame and glamour. Eve came from a small town in the Midwest, traveling with a guy who left her stranded without her suitcase (which contained her clothes and her autobiography) and without a dime. A neighbor brought her home to Venice where I set up a cot for her to sleep on. She preferred to shack up with three fellows (Tom, Dick and Harry) who shared a room down the hall.

During the first night, she managed to alienate everyone with her innocent arrogance. When a bottle of wine was passed around in our communal "livingroom" (a small area in the hall where some chairs had been dragged out), she said, "I want a glass. I'm sanitary." Although someone promptly told her where she could find one, Eve snapped her fingers and repeated, "I want a glass. Now!" She was a waif who comported herself like a queen. She received help condescendingly as it were offerings to the god. It never occurred to her that she would ever do without. And she never did. (She was a Leo, of course.)

She was soon invited to join an acting company but she quit when her role would have required her to say "fuck." She did so on the grounds that it would have been degrading. She also turned down a nude modeling job for the same reason. This blew our minds because she had seduced Tom, Dick *and* Harry that first night she slept with them.

Eve was one of the smoothest operators I had ever known. She met in front of the house one afternoon and suggested a walk to the beach. On the way, she told me that she wanted to be "pinned" by Tom as his "steady girl." She had a chance to move to Hollywood to live with a millionaire but she only would do so if there was no chance for her and Tom; she wanted me to ask Tom what his feelings and intentions were and then tell her.

We got to the beach when Tom, Dick and Harry were already sitting. Dick had to take his dog home as the dogcatcher was around. Eve offered to walk back with him, winking at me as she went. I then questioned Tom discreetly about his feelings toward Eve. It was no go, however. Eve returned just as the conversation ended. As she sat down, she asked Tom to buy her some chewing gum. Tom reluctantly went on his errand and Eve lost no time in asking me what I had learned. I told her the truth while Harry expressed male astonishment at our "feminine" sneakiness. I pointed out that Eve had a right to know where she stood and he agreed. However, it never ceases to amaze *me* how skillfully Eve had choreographed all our movements to get her information.

Eve didn't care if she ate or slept. She didn't worry about the future and maintained her dignity at all times and in all situations. She also had the strength of character to take a 13-year-old runaway under her wing and try to get her a job. She could have wound up living with the millionaire, getting into "bi," being offered an acting job in a soap opera and a modeling job for a major magazine. She threw everything aside to join the Marines.

I have noted her divinely dominant qualities and urged her to try the S role. She does not think she can hurt men but dominance is so much more than inflicting pain. You slaves can write to her in care of me and try to persuade her yourselves. But you'd better have plenty on the ball or she won't be bothered with you at all.

Terry Kolb, our battered and bullied belle of submissive society, writes a monthly column that has masochists moaning nationwide. This month Terry's tempestuous tryst includes a soon-to-be "talk of the town" sadist and lovely lady named April who comes on command. Free your hands from those cuffs, friends, and write our down-trodden but light-hearted lash-lover c/o CHERI.

Part II: Her Master's Voice

I met April and Bill as a result of April's letter that appeared in the *L.A. Star*. The letter dealt with the joys of slavery to Bill. It was such a beautiful letter that I wrote them about myself. Bill was a lean, wizened man; both he and his wife were Saggitarians. When we met on the Venice pier for fishing, Bill talked about his marriage. April helped bring in bucks as a go-go dancer and did occasional dirty movies as well. "Yes, she's been a gold mine to me," he ruminated. What made them unusual was hypnosis: Bill had hypnotized April so often and so thoroughly that she was completely under his control. He could bring her into a trance by merely snapping his fingers. He had hypnotized her so that she was unable to have an orgasm unless he ordered her to. If he ordered her, she would come on a dime, no matter what she had been doing at the moment. All he had to say was "now" and presto! He used this power over her to advantage in swinging scenes as well as during the making of porno flicks. He would also withhold it as punishment. He talked for hours about his domination of April. He spoke to me as if I were a conspirator instead of a potential slave. He did not dominate me at all. He just talked rather coldly and intellectually. In th car, he tried to grope me just like any horny guy. I withdrew because of the lack of communication between us. But I agreed to meet separately with April to deepen my impressions.

April was a voluptuously beautiful young woman with a childlike face and long blond hair. She seemed relaxed and at peace with her role. I found an echo of Bill's cynicism in April. Maybe it was a pragmatic lack of romanticism. "He takes care of me (sexually)," she would say, "so I'm content."

When I finally got together with them for a scene, I brought a date with me to balance things out and to feel less vulnerable to these two awesome people. My choice was a poor one. Harry, whom I had met at a swinging B/D party, did not really understand B/D and was pretty freaked out. His idea of being a Master consisted of dressing in black, the effect of which he ruined by asking me what I thought of the

(Continued on page 94)

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

photo by ALLEN

Unlike March, Mistress Roseanne comes in like a lion and out like a tigress. This month, with pen as sharp as her whip, our beloved Mistress scratched out some austere answers to those questions and letters you've been sliding in. Slaves, get your act together and throw yourself at our Mistress's toes. Write in now—send in a telegram, borrow a Bic, but get it together; all correspondence sent c/o CHERI.

Anniversary parties, gender-fuckings and other sadistic surprises.

by MISTRESS ROSEANNE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Hello out there in fantasy land! Ladies, sadists, dominants and slaves (in that order, of course). This month we have reserved for answering some of the great fantasies all of you have sent in. Due to lack of space I have picked out those that I consider the best. Can you guess which one is my favorite?

Dear Mistress Roseanne:

This is how we celebrated our fifth wedding anniversary. At 7 p.m., I took my husband into the den. He was naked with wrists handcuffed behind him. After slapping his cock into erection, I tied a cord into the groove and tied the other end to a ceiling hook, hauling him up on tiptoe. I kept him like that for five hours.

Everything I did was based on five. I used a five-thonged whip on his ass and gave five strokes each time, then I thumped his nuts five times with a wooden spoon and then slapped his shaft five times with a strap. Five pins were strapped into each nipple. I used a brush with five rows of bristles on the tip of his cock. But you can bet I did all of these things a helluva lot more than just five times each!

By midnight he as one sorry looking five letter man: s-l-a-v-e. Still handcuffed, he had to kneel before me and eat me to five climaxes. In bed, he lay under me and I rode him five times—no matter how long it took to work him up for the last one! And when did we finish? Five a.m.!

I'm already dreaming of our sixth anniversary, believe me!

Betty G.
Milwaukee

Hi! Lady:

Sounds like you had a great time. Wish I could have been there to enjoy the show. Being a voyeur I can appreciate your type of entertainment. Birthdays are also great to celebrate. My lady recently had a birthday; after securing her tightly on the bed tied up with scarves, I proceeded to bite her 30 times, one for each year all over her body, and I don't mean nibbles either. What a great turn-on it was! Flesh between the teeth is a far-out feeling! But don't do it all too quickly, take your time seducing a lady and of course make her turn you on, too! She may be tied but her mouth is still advantageously available. Hope you have an even better sixth anniversary. And if you happen to be spending it in New York, let me know. It sounds like a lot of fun.

Mistress Roseanne

Dear Mistress:

In a recent column in CHERI magazine under the title, "And On This Farm Was A Pig," you obviously have a hatred for men. May I suggest you obtain a male slave for yourself. I wish it could be me, and you could avenge yourself on me. I am a slave to my girlfriend. There is nothing lower than having to pay homage to her ass and asshole. This is just one of many daily routines with her. I must be ready at all times to kiss her ass and lick her asshole. It is my duty to lick her asshole clean. All she needs to do is point her finger to the spot, and I start licking her, but quick. It could last for hours without any let up. I received a punishment when once I did not meet her satisfaction. One such I will never forget as long as I am her slave. Her asshole was not licked clean enough one day. Tied to the floor face down, legs spread and raised, she slapped, squeezed and twisted my balls for what seemed like endless. She whipped my cock. Then she shit in a dog bowl, put it under my face and pushed me into it. Then she left me smelling it. She would come back and repeat it over and over. I went like this three days in one week. Then to be sure I would always satisfy her asshole, she brought one of her girlfriends over and made me lick her asshole clean. It was my duty. May I add, I most certainly made it shine.

So you see, that's why I always wish to lick my Mistress's asshole or whatever she may command me to do.

Paul T.

Dear Paul:

My sincerest sympathies to you for your failure to understand my feelings toward male slaves. No, I have not a hatred of men, but a great respect for anyone who is wise and capable enough to bring their fantasies out of the closet. I cannot play with someone I do not respect and does not respect and trust me in return. Admittedly, those who are into scatology like yourself are also into a heavy degradation/humiliation bag, but does that really make you any less a person? Do you feel it warps your ability to deal with straight people? If so, I'd advise you to change your fantasy. It should be constructive, not destructive.

Mistress Roseanne

Dear Roseanne:

I am a 31 year old teacher who is just beginning to get in touch with himself. I'm growing and finally becoming my own person. Yet, I have had a fetish and it really dominates my thoughts and I must experience it so I can stop being anxious and wondering about my fantasy. In short, I really get aroused by dreaming that my hands are tied behind me, legs bound with thick rope and am being seduced by a beautiful woman who only touches me with her naked foot.

Can you aid me in finding a woman who could really enjoy doing this to me? The foot is not perfumed, but has been generously enclosed in dirty nylons for several days.

Sincerely yours,

Fred G.
Highland Park, N.J.

(Continued on page 98)

DIVINE DECADENCE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by MAUREEN MURPHY

Booted out and beat up, Maureen's still smiling.

Maureen Murphy, our mysteriously meandering West Coast columnist, ends up in one of the most unusual situations. This month our sweet-lipped, sybaritic socialite hangs her hat in the home of a wealthy womanizer and finds that money isn't everything . . . granted, it has a lot of potential. All letters, offers and other good things will immediately be forwarded to her c/o CHERI.

photo by PETER HURD

It seems so funny when I catch myself engaged in self-deception. It's like the blind leading the blind. For instance, I've known this older gentleman for about seven years now. I'm 22 and he's 48. I met him when I was 15 at a girlfriend's house. It was her father. We were sexually attracted to each other—he was much too old for me, besides at that time it would have caused an incredible scandal. Anyway, we still remained buddies—he was always coming to the rescue when I needed him, whether it was bailing me out of jail, lending me money, whatever. . . .

Well, recently he split up with his young girlfriend of 25 and offered me her position. Of course, I was flattered with a "Cary Grant" type of man wanting me as his mistress. He had lots of money, a new Mercedes and a huge home on the bay. Since my own car had died, and my roomate had moved to New York, I took him up on that dream-come-true offer.

In the beginning I lived high off the hog. He wanted to travel, teach me to ski, buy me a complete winter wardrobe, a car, everything! Then I noticed one tiny, little flaw in the relationship, and as I thought about it, the more and more disturbing it became. I was bought. My time, my freedom, my independence. No more Friday-night flings that end Tuesday afternoon. I mean, after all, that's what the heartbreaking, melodramatic scene of leaving home was all about. That's what getting my ass kicked over and over again on the streets was all about. Doing it alone, my way. How could I give up my job to which I had already dedicated three years of my life, as he wanted me to? How much was that worth? You can't buy time. Now I found myself blowing it again. An ideal situation and I found myself too damned selfish with my life . . . and you know what? That's the way it should be!

He freaked out. Kicked me around and out plus made me come up with the money for the car he bought me. . . .

The moral of the story: you can't judge the pocketbook by looking at its cover.

So many of us experience it, yet so many of us won't admit it.

I must be perfectly honest. I get jealous. I'm jealous of Barbara Walters, fucking Farrah Fawcett's blond hair, Raquel's tits.

I've slashed tires, torn up photo albums, even threw a few punches! You name the temper fit, I threw it. Why? Because I was insecure. Insecure about what? Myself and my relationships. A lack of confidence brings about jealousy. Being a victim of circumstance can put one in a situation where one can lose all insight and belonging.

Men usually tend to regard a woman's insecurities as jealousy. For instance: a small-breasted girl is sitting with her date in a club. Out of nowhere appears this raving beauty with amazing mammaries. The poor girl's date is drooling over this "sight for sore eyes." Instinctively, the girl feels rejected, left out, ripped off and really unattractive, just because her date lacks sensitivity to her insecurities. Of course, she's going to be offended by this intrusion upon her ego. She'll probably despise the walking goddess of large tits! So, instead of realizing that her date has an IQ of 2, she resents the girl, her sister (who probably has her own insecurities). The guy is so bogged down with his needs and so out of touch with the needs of others that he can burn in hell as far as I'm concerned.

If we were all more aware of each other's weaknesses and insecurities, feelings wouldn't be hurt as much and we'd all have a lot less traumatic experiences.

Men, treat your ladies like they're the goddesses. Don't make them feel like freaks of nature because they don't fit into the factory mold of a long line of assemblied Barbie Dolls.

In this day, when they can sell beauty, and when beauty sells, not everyone can afford it. Who wants a fucking Stepford wife, anyway? Believe me, I've seen some real ugly beautiful people.

If we treated everyone special (because they are—everyone *is* unique) our relationships would be a lot more rewarding and a lot less damaging to our egos, our confidence or whatever.

When those dollar signs start blurring your vision it's time to sit back and take toll of what your life is all about. It may sound tacky but money isn't everything, especially when it isn't yours. Rich guys are fun, sure, but it's so much more important to be independent and not feel as though you've sold out. What possible price could we put on our own lives? A Mercedes = a mink = Mozambique? I'm not knocking it, and if it comes my way again I'll grab it but not if it means selling my soul. Besides which, you never know how these "relationships" are going to turn out.

It's been my experience that these rich, older men and often poverty-stricken waifs like myself often have just about one thing in common—a mutual regard for the color green. When some of these guys wave their wads in my face—and I do mean bills—I'm impressed and often temporarily blinded by greed . . . but live and learn, it will be many moons before I set myself up for such a beating, emotionally and physically—even if he offers me the Taj Mahal. Sure, games are fun to play. It's a pleasure to be pampered and taken care of but a word to the wise: stick with your own Daddy! Get the point—SUGAR?

HANDICAPPED & HORNY

photo by PETER HURD

There are all kinds of handicaps. Many among us are crippled by insensitivity, arrogance, greed and mediocrity; others are more obviously deformed: they lack eyes, ears, limbs, organs. We at CHERI believe that beauty and sensuality have very little to do with anatomical wholeness; in fact, the handicapped are often ennobled by their deformities. Such is the case with Long Jeanne Silver, our February monoped of the month, who charmed us all with her footloose and liberated attitudes.

Starting this issue, Lady Jeanne will begin a column dedicated to those among us who have not been perfectly endowed. Gimps, amps, stumps and limps are heartily invited to share their own sexual richnesses with Jeanne by writing to her c/o CHERI.

by JEANNE SILVER

Stump-humping and other Saturday-night specials.

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

I have done a lot of things in my life. In fact, I was hooking the streets of New York when CHERI found me and did the whole Pygmalion number. But I'd never been to an orgy until the night a few weeks ago when I stumbled into a massive group-grope at a notorious New York "in" spot called Leo's.

Leo's is really nothing more than a swanky apartment that is used by hundreds of hornies from the Big Apple swing scene. Every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, for a small entrance fee, you can dive into a pile of writhing bodies on Leo's plush carpeting.

This particular adventure started when my friends Sharon Mitchell and Jamie Gillis, whom you've probably seen in a zillion pornos, took me over to Leo's after we shot a movie in which I co-starred with an enema bag.

There we were, sitting on the couch in the living room, drinking wine and watching people dance. It was Yawn City. So we decided we'd either have to freak out the multitudes—or split.

Being who we are—sex freaks—we naturally decided to do the former. And did we do a job on them! First off, we marched right into the bedroom. Once we got in there, we noticed that all the beds were full so we just made ourselves comfortable on the floor. We proceeded to remove our clothes and got down to the business at hand. Once people noticed what was going on between Sharon, Jamie and me, they quickly got off the biggest bed and we moved on. We were so hot that guys were grabbing at our tits and asses as soon as we got on the bed. I then proceeded to remove my leg, leaving what looks to be like a guy's cock (a long one at that!). Our "audience" really freaked out when they saw the stump, and news of my deformity spread like wildfire. At first I was a little afraid I might turn some people off—but believe it was just the opposite. Now I understand where the expression "queen of the ball" comes from. Everyone immediately crowded around, admiring me and urging me on. Many of the guys standing around started to play with themselves and I noticed some suspicious rubbings coming from the ladies, too. Actually the whole scene reminded me of an old Fred Astaire movie. You know how when he starts dancing with Ginger Rogers everyone always stops and clears the floor, well that's how I felt except the only dance Jamie, Sharon and I were going to do was the ole horizontal rumba. I got off on it so much that I started to eat Sharon while Jamie was eating me. Once we were all hot, horny and juicy, I took my stump and shoved it up Sharon's pussy. She then began to moan, which only made me hotter than all hell. Jamie noticed so he took his cock out of my mouth and stuck it up my pussy. The positioning of all this was crazy; Jamie was on top of me and Sharon was laying down with her head at my foot as my stump pounded away in her juicy hole. Whichever way I turned my head there was a cock waiting to be sucked. We continued to suck and fuck for about two to three hours. When we finally stopped, I noticed that the room was wall-to-wall people all getting off on what we had just done. We got up, got dressed and left but we weren't finished for the night.

We decided to all go over to Jamie's place. Once we got there we sat down and laughed about what happened over at Leo's. Then we took our clothes off and started all over again, only this time we did something different. I, being nosy as usual, peeked into the drawer of the bedside table and found it full of goodies such as a studded collar, two leashes, three vibrators, a pacifier, a double-headed dildo and best of all, a sturdy pair of handcuffs. I grabbed the handcuffs right away and snapped them on to Jamie's wrists while Sharon tied his feet together. I then proceeded to scratch and bite Jamie's body from head to toe and all he could do was just lay there. Sharon, of course, being the Maso that she is, just lay there and sucked his cock while I, being the Sadist, continued my tortuous treatment. After I finished chrewing him practically to bits I undid the handcuffs and instructed him to jerk off on this huge dildo. While Jamie was working on that, I ordered Sharon to suck my stump, which she immediately did for fear of being beaten with the long whip Jamie had by his bed. I guess the sight of Sharon going down on my stump got a little heavy for Jamie since he immediately came—on the dildo as ordered. I then told him to shove it up my ass which he did—pretty easily, too, I must admit since it was really juiced-up with his come. As if this wasn't enough, I proceeded to make Jamie eat my pussy until it was raw, which wasn't too hard seeing that I had been fucking almost all day. Finally we were so exhausted that we had to call it quits. We left Jamie and Sharon and I went out for breakfast. I freaked her out by telling her that it was the first time I had ever done anything with a chick before. She looked at me funny and said I did a pretty good job of eating pussy for a beginner. I figured that I did a decent job because I just imagined that it was me and did what I would have liked. We finished eating and grabbed a cab. I dropped her off at her home and then went on to mine, happy and content. I'm really glad that it happened because now I enjoy fucking more . . . I've found I can penetrate both males and females without having to wear any artificial objects. I have one thing to say to all you amputees out there. Fuck someone with your stump and you'll be surprised at how good it feels. Take my word for it, try it . . . you'll like it.

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

by RENEE ROUSSEAU

Puckamin, N.J.—It's been a busy month in the mails! I almost feel sorry for the postman who has to keep lugging all those bulky envelopes to my mailbox. Ah, but if he only knew what erotic tidbits they contain . . . .

"Ruthie Natural Blonde," known in postal circles as RW, POB 42, Delano, CA 93215, ran a captivating ad that I came across in a porn magazine recently. "Care to join me for dinner at the Y?" it read. What on earth could that mean? A secret sex club? An obscure table in the back of the cafeteria at the Young Women's Christian Association? One possibility sounded more bizarre than the next. Coupled with an alluring spread-eagle photo of this delectable babe, the ad had me practically racing to the mailbox to deposit my letter to RW.

Soon I was eagerly opening my bulging return SASE. First there was a machine-printed, supposedly "hand-written" letter from Ruthie. Does anybody really think this type of form letter can possibly pass for a personalized note? Maybe it doesn't even matter to some people, but I like to know that my horny interest is at least being acknowledged by another human being!

Paragraph number two of the letter revealed the gimmick: "There is a line from here to the Coast wanting to eat at the 'Y' but hell, honey, there is only one of me. So I compiled a list with photos of almost 100 gals who like '69,' and I call it Ruthie's 69 Club. Wana join? Membership only $5." So Ruthie turns out to be a component of a slightly larger mail-order operation than I had expected.

One printed sheet contained a silly cartoon of a frizzy-haired female licking the ass of a gentleman wearing a bowler as he simultaneously slurped her cunt juices. A handwritten explanation (a real one—the only sign of humanity in the whole package) pointed to this scene which they claimed indeed depicted "having dinner at the 'Y'." If that was it I'd sooner have a Big Mac.

But wait, that's not all. How could anyone forego the chance to become an official member of the "Pussy Gobbler Club" featuring a half-feline, half-turkey mascot for only $5?

Another sheet offered "The New Pictorial Guide to Cathouses, those undercover passion parlors and salons of sex for laymen." Also available were such scintillating items as a "Bigger than life 8 X 10 Beaver. You can count the hair." It wouldn't surprise me if this turned out to be the type of beaver that likes to collect crackly twigs to build dams with.

How about "Old-Time 8-Page Comic Books such as "Orphan Annie (Fucking, Sucking, Bestiality) or Kathrin Hepburn (She Rapes the Farmer's Son)." Whew!

On top of all this, these folks won't send you anything until you sign one of those cards that verify you're a consenting adult over twenty-one. The whole place strikes me as a porn factory, but if RW is indeed some "Ruthie" who manages to crank all of this stuff out in her basement, I'd appreciate it if she'd write to me and set the record straight.

"Stewardess will model in person or by mail." I sent a token payment requested in the ad to RS at POB 16066, Jacksonville, FLA 32216. Back came a color photo of this attractive chick modeling black cut-out undies as well as a personal note offering to pose to any specifications. This honey mentioned various comments I had made in my letter that indicated that she had at least read it, which is more than I can say for some assembly-line companies. She seems efficient and eager to please, and I plan to order some shots for gifts—for a couple of friends who have certain fetishes and would surely get off on her pictures.

It was impossible to resist one of the longest ads I've ever seen in any personal column. "Tired Of the Same Old Smut?" it began, "Try me, I'm 'kinky',"—it's too long to reprint here in its entirety—"I am an ex-nude model and have had some porno experience but right now I want to try and make some money by mail." *Somebody* does, that's for sure, as I found out later. After sending $15 to POB 676, Mason City, IA 50401, I made room on my desk for all the incredible stuff I was supposed to get, including a list of sexy services available, photos "guaranteed to make your cock hard," (which would be *very* interesting if it worked on *me*!) used panties, and an especially exciting pic that was supposed to make all the other ones look as tame as a girl scout cookie sale.

A few days later I got a printed post card promising a personal letter to follow from what seemed like a large-scale organization. A far cry from the impoverished model in the ad who just needed a few bucks for pocket money. On the back of the card was printed in large letters with a dark marking pen, where any nosy neighbor or postal worker could see it: "KINKY AD—REMEMBER?" This was apparently to remind me of my order in case I forgot who the hell they were. Very indiscreet of them, I must say.

Also packed was a list of cassette tapes for sale, including a comedy selection with tapes by such "erotic" performers as Don Rickles, which seemed overpriced ($10 each). I've purchased some excellent and genuinely arousing tapes from individuals at a much lower cost, which I'll try to discuss in a future column.

Anyway, these people seem to want to get their fingers into every pie around—like a supermarket that sells tuxedos, they offer "fine paintings by Goya, Rubens, etcetera." Also Religious Prints, Hummel figures, belt buckles, dart boards and clocks. Oh, yes, and they even swap cameras, coins, and hi-fi equipment if you're in the market for it. But to be fair I'll wait for my "personal letter" before passing final judgment on them.

"Foot Fetish, I have very lovely and sexy feet as you can see by the photo" (which showed, natch, ten tempting tootsies). I mailed out $2 to "Barb" at POB 638, Milwaukee, WI 53201. She returned four pictures, obviously taken in somebody's home, showing an attractive nude young lady. The only problem was that in each one of them she looked like sex was the furthest possible thing from her mind.

There's much more to discuss, but it looks like we'll just have to wait till next month. Bye!

This month, mail-order maven Renee Rousseau uncovers the torrid truths behind those pulsating pay-and-lay ads you see in those swingers' magazines. Renee's mail box has been declared a raunched-out disaster area—however we are able to forward all mail to her addressed c/o CHERI.

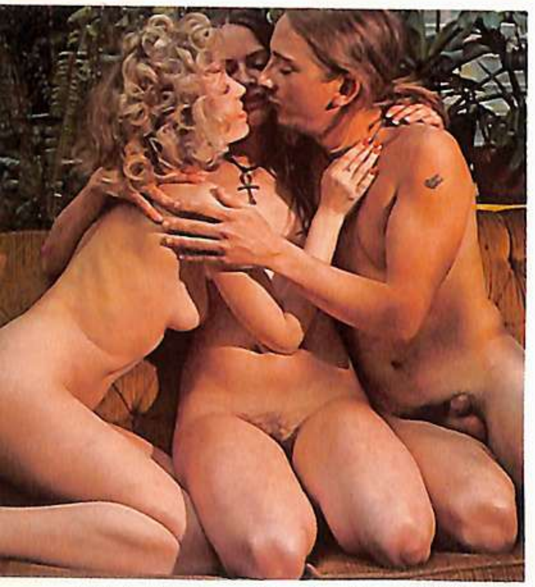
"A frizzy-haired female licked the ass of a gentleman wearing a bowler."

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

THE GREAT KIM POPE GIVEAWAY

By KIM POPE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER HURD



(*Editor's Note:* In our November issue, CHERI Orchard columnist, actress Kim Pope, made an offer that no true porno flick fan could refuse. And few did. In that issue, Ms. Pope offered the use of her voluptuous and talented limbs to the fan (or fans) who wrote the best letter explaining why they wanted to do a CHERI shooting with her. The contest was won by a young hippie couple from Odessa, Texas, and Kim's report on their wild and wangful trip to New York appears below.)

Cheri readers, you're wonderful! I'm overwhelmed by the response to my offer to pose with faithful fans. You were all so beautiful and so sincere, I wish you all could have won me. And I'll try to answer all your letters, but be patient—I've received over two hundred, and they're pouring in every day. A kiss from me to each and every one of you. . . .

We finally did make a choice—a young couple from Odessa, Texas, named Linda and Carroll Bowman. Here's their letter:

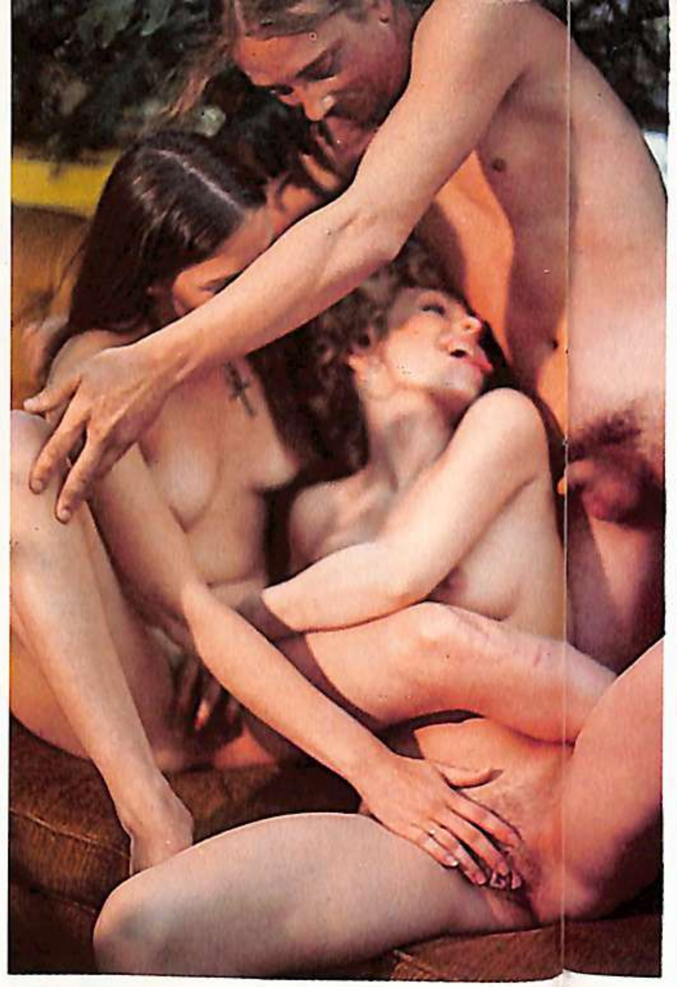
Dear Kim,

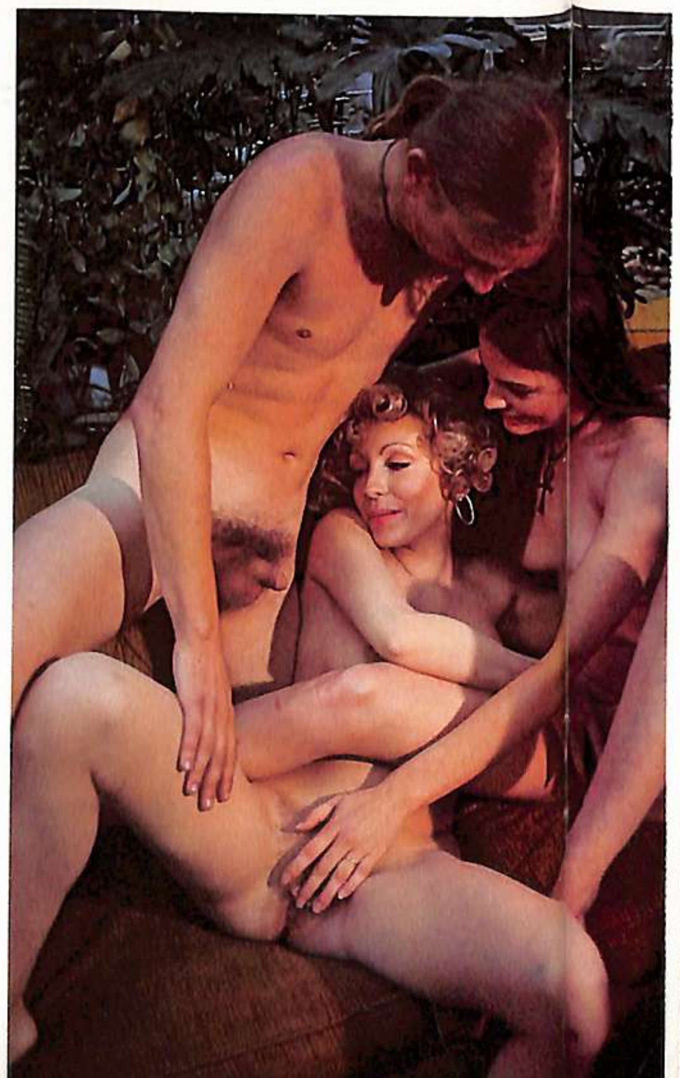
We read your article with extreme interest. We feel very sorry about your first response, those people who weren't able to stand up to the mark.

We also hope to give you some insight into some real people from Texas. Both my husband and I agree that CHERI shares the truths and ideals we've looked for in a magazine. We feel CHERI will make it in a big way. We've only read two issues of your magazine and we have a lot of faith in it, and we hope to contribute to its cause.

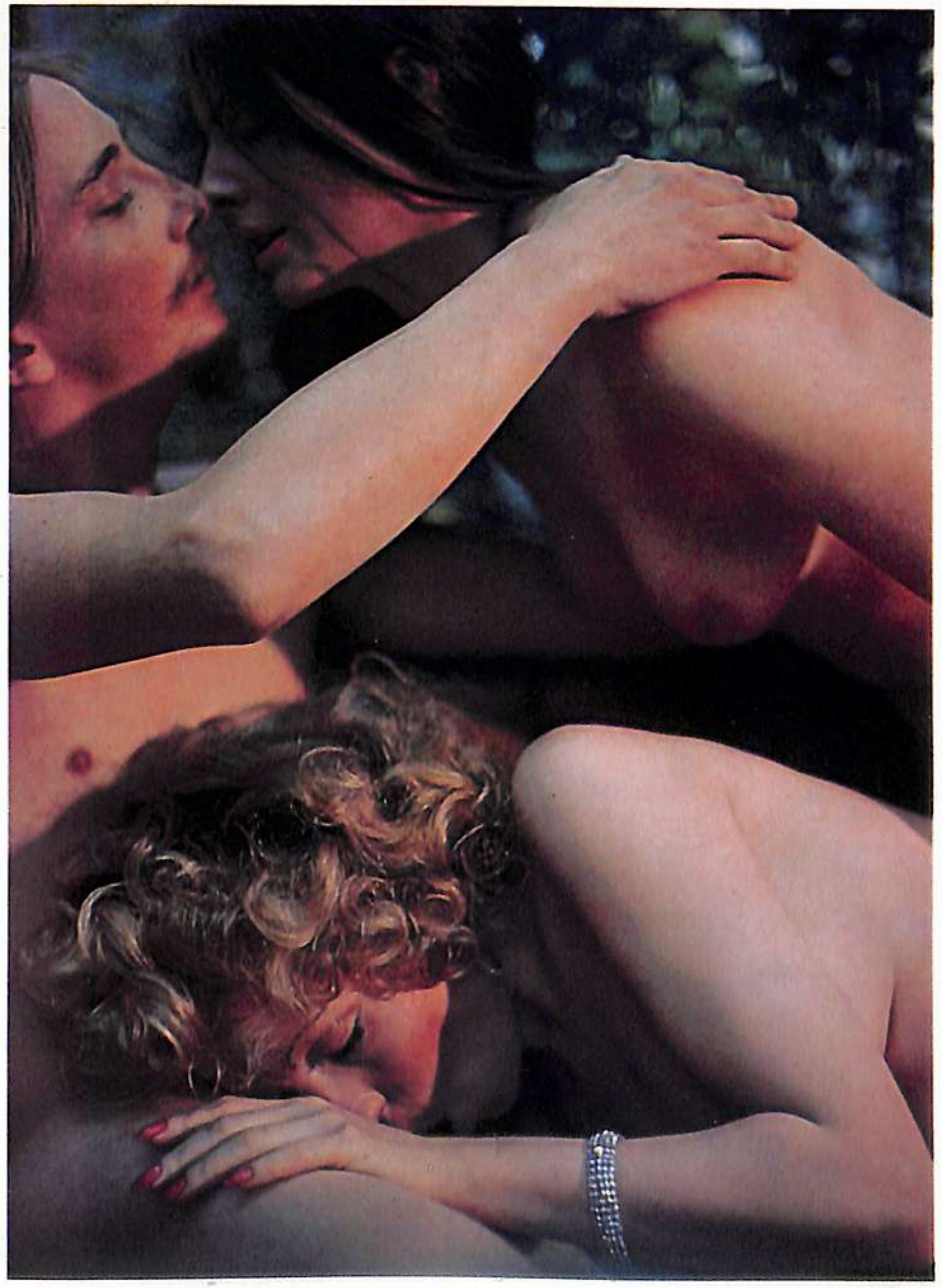
I'm 21 years of age, five-foot four, with light brown hair, blue eyes and fair skin; my measurements are 35-27-35. My husband is 23 and he looks somewhat like Buffalo Bill Cody, with blond hair, green eyes and a seven and three-quarters by five inch penis (we love measuring it!) that would make a buffalo blush. He's about five-foot eight in height.

We're happily married and have considered swinging, but all the couples we've met have turned out to be prudes or phonies. So we've been doing some





"She kissed his cock with skill and love. I wondered how they learned such finesse in Odessa, Texas. . . ."



threesomes, but they don't get us off that much. One of our wildest dreams is to make a porno movie, as actors or just extras, or to see our photos in a nationwide magazine. That would be an orgasmic delight!

We'd like to put our ass on the line and dare others to do the same. We would be unafraid to stand nude before the world, hoping to bring pleasure to others

and ourselves. I've danced topless, but not really as a pro—just to show off and make the other girls look bad. I just love it! My husband almost got thrown out a few times for trying to get up on stage, too. And I've been a nude model for the college in town. Carroll is the proud photographer of over 100 nude Polaroid shots—I think that's all the poses that are humanly possible. We've

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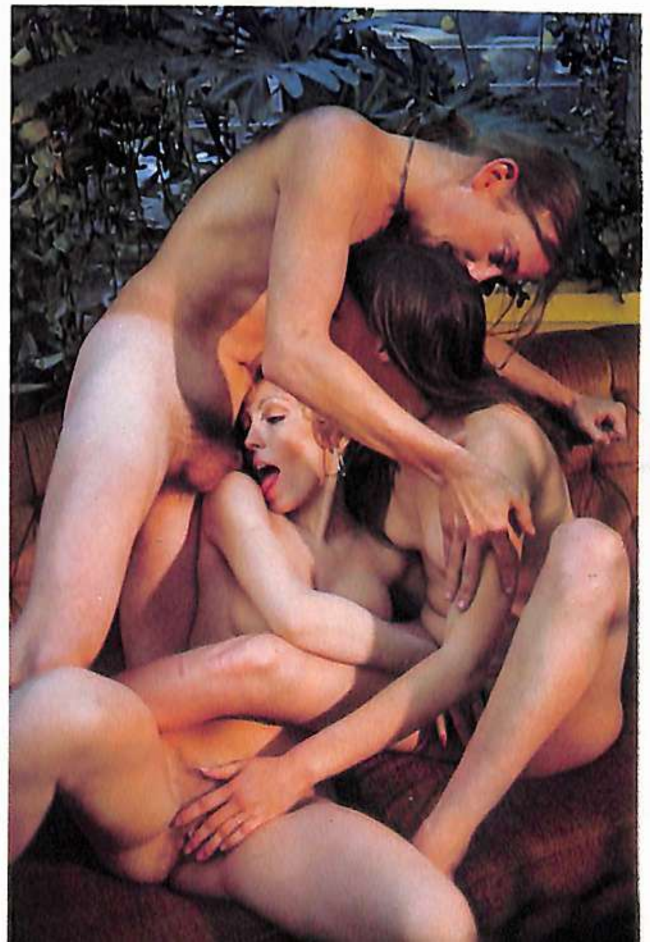

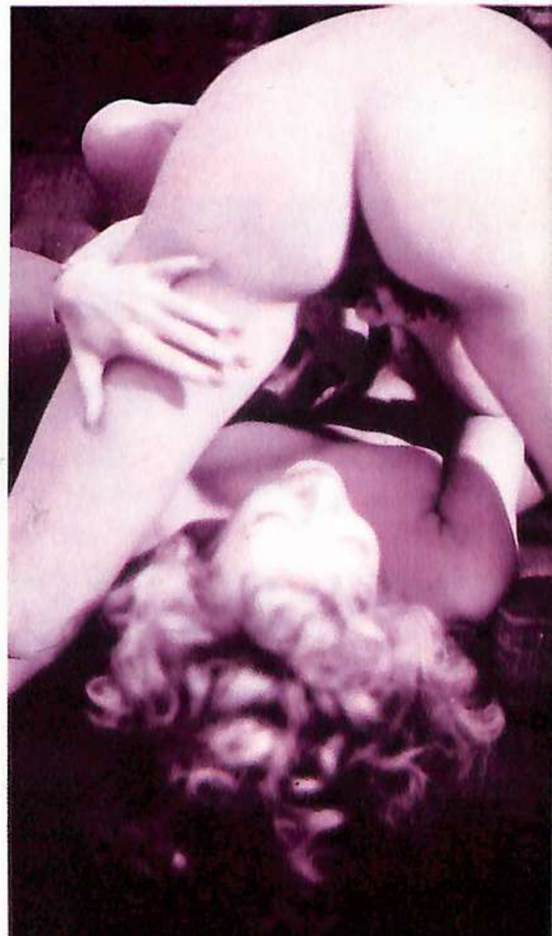

THE BEAT-OMATS:

By Ronald L. Smith

Illustration by Peter Turner

Total Hardcore Peeps—25¢. . . . You've gotta see it to believe it! . . . Fist fucker. . . . . . Horse throat. . . . Eelfucker. . . . Linda Lovelace. . . . Dogfucker. . . . Caning Candy's Fanny. . . . She puked on his cock and licks it off. . . . Something different. . . !

The homemade haikus that decorate America's peep parlors are the most prurient poetry around, an anthology of pithy graffiti that defines the limits of the furthest incursions of pornography: animals, little kids, piss and shit, blood, torment, and wall-to-wall homophilia.

Whatever the movies are, whatever the magazines do, whatever the live sex shows do, the peep loops are already a year or two ahead. In fact, they deal in images so far-out and out-front, that even the hardest-assed porno pro is consistently shocked by what they're able to get away with.

For instance, there are dozens of big-screen prick-and-pussy palaces on New York's Times Square offering a smorgasbord of sexual couplings and fantasies for five bucks and up. But whatever these big

25¢
"You got to SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT!!!"
"TWO WOMEN ON FIRE!!"

PORN'S FARTHEST-OUT FRONTIER

Whatever movies, magazines, or stage shows are doing, the peep parlors are always a year ahead. This year it's animals, little kids, blood, and bisexuality.

budget bangoramas can offer, they can't begin to approach the panoply of perversity offered by their two-bit neighbors: the quarter machine shops. Beyond row and row of double-domed dildos and saran-wrapped fetish mags, the darkened backrooms of these jerkoff joints hold row on row of miniboothed movie machines, and countless hours of filmic perversity. The knowing customer takes out his quarter and heads for the peep machines. He knows he's not just going to put his coin in a slot, look through a slit and see a slut. For a few minutes he can watch men, women and animals doing anything and everything having to do with procreation and excretion.

FIST FUCKER! the sign on one booth reads. There's a photo of a pretty girl with her legs spread and her black lover's fist buried in her cunt. Put a quarter in the slot and you see that picture come to life. The girl groans and writhes as her man pummels his fist between her legs, slipping and slamming his fingers in a brutal tattoo. Another quarter and the action continues—the guy spreads her cuntlips, revealing a golf-ball-sized gap in her gash. Once more he sticks his whole fist deep in her and punches away. Later, he fucks her till he cums, dribbling his vital juices all over her pubes. The girl looks into the camera and smiles shyly.

Yes, "peeps" have come a long way from the first Edison kinescopes, the hand-cranked novelties that offered nickel views of belly dancers. A closer look at the back rooms of the porn shops unveils, virtually unmolested and unnoticed, the most incredible sex flicks of the Seventies. Remeber that *all* films mentioned in this article were (and probably still are) on view in the many peep-show parlors on Times Square.

YOU'VE GOT TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT!—so says the scrawled sign taped to the door of one booth. They aren't kidding. Even while Linda Lovelace's movie was being raided, peep shows down the street were showing color flicks like this one, with women sucking and fucking with real, huge horse cocks.

In *Horse Throat*, the camera pans to a farm where a pretty blonde is petting a large black horse. She gets down underneath the animal while her girlfriend holds the beast steady. The blonde grabs the nag's baseball-bat cock, jerks him off and licks his monstrous tip, eventually opening wide to take the whole head of the ugly thing into her mouth. She sucks and jerks, pausing only to spit out the spunk. Put another quarter in and her friend goes into action, maneuvering herself underneath a Shetland pony, holding onto his vacuum-cleaner-hose cock, and wedging it into her cunt. She pumps herself into ecstasy and later she sucks the animal off.

The film comes from a company called Hollywood Classics. They specialize in barnyard films. And they aren't the only ones. There are perhaps a dozen horse films around with similar scenes. In one, a young girl jerks her stud stallion off into a special horse condom. When he cums, she pulls off the big rubber and pours the horse sperm all over herself.

These 8mm flicks (many of which are for sale for about $15 a reel) are around ten minutes long. They're spliced into one continuous "loop"—so it takes between four and eight quarters to see the whole movie. But for just 25¢ you see a few minutes of action you'll remember for months.

These little pornies have no plot—just continuous hardcore footage—so they're cheap to make. And, at 25¢ for a few minutes, they've racked up quite a profit by the end of the day. Some films are so popular they literally wear out from constant viewing and must be replaced by

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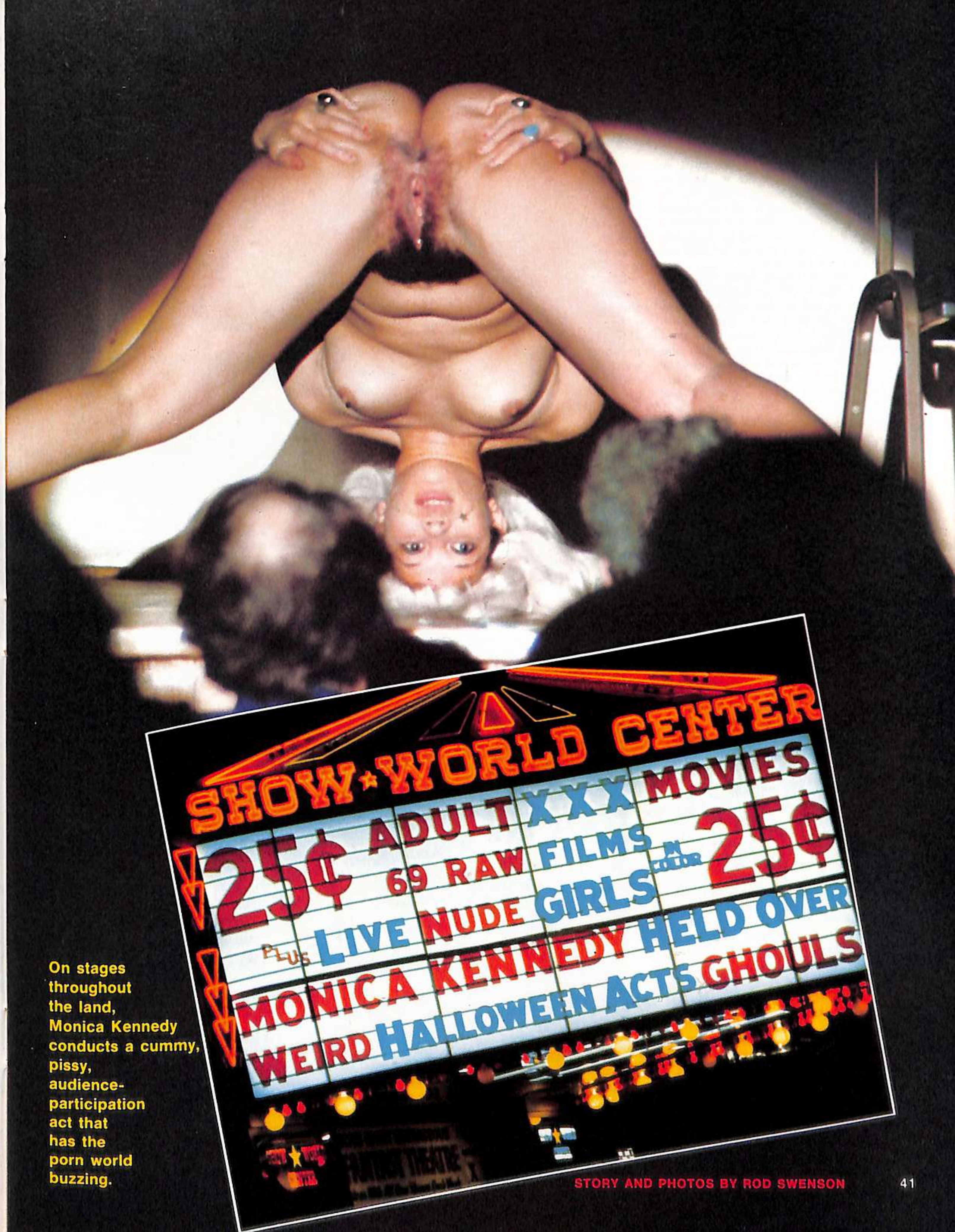


On stages throughout the land, Monica Kennedy conducts a cummy, pissy, audience-participation act that has the porn world buzzing.

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ROD SWENSON

(Monica Kennedy is the most incredible burlesque act in America. Onstage at the Show World Theatre in New York recently, she pioneered a new kind of audience-involvement show that is guaranteed to absolutely upend the entire concept of strip and sex acts in America.

Monica Kennedy fucks her audiences. She sucks her audiences. She pisses on the payees and lobs cunt-ejected hotdogs over their heads. She doesn't merely bounce around on the stage and tease cocks; she puts her mouth and pussy where her money is. She makes her fans stars-for-a-moment—each and every one of them, from the grungiest and loneliest to the coolest and stiffest.

Promoter Rod Swenson, the Barnum of Beaver, considered by many to be the horniest and most innovative live sex promoter around, was the man who booked Monica into her latest series of shows. As a result, he has seen both her public and private sides and he writes about both in this revealing portrait of the wildest woman in America.)

The first time I laid eyes on Monica Kennedy I knew I was watching the beginning of the end of traditional burlesque.

At the time (it was just about a year and a half ago), I was promoting the Ms. All-Bare America tour and we'd just opened in the heart of the Times Square sex-zoo. Monica was appearing up the block at the old 42nd Street Playhouse—and word of her performances was spreading up and down the block like electricity. Dozens of friends and acquaintances, including my own headliner, Lisa (Ms. All-Bare) Alligood, insisted that I get my ass over to the Playhouse and catch the Kennedy shtick. One fortuitous day, between shows, I did. And the rest is history.

To call that first experience "mind-blowing" would be a gross (no pun intended) understatement. Since that time, out of the thousands of shows and acts I've seen and produced as a live sex-show promoter, Monica Kennedy has not at any time, in any way, even ceased to *be* mind-blowing.

When Lisa, myself and some friends entered the Playhouse, Monica was already on stage. Some of the customers in the front of the theater were lined up to eat her out, while others scattered around the decaying old theater had their cocks out of their pants and were jerking off.

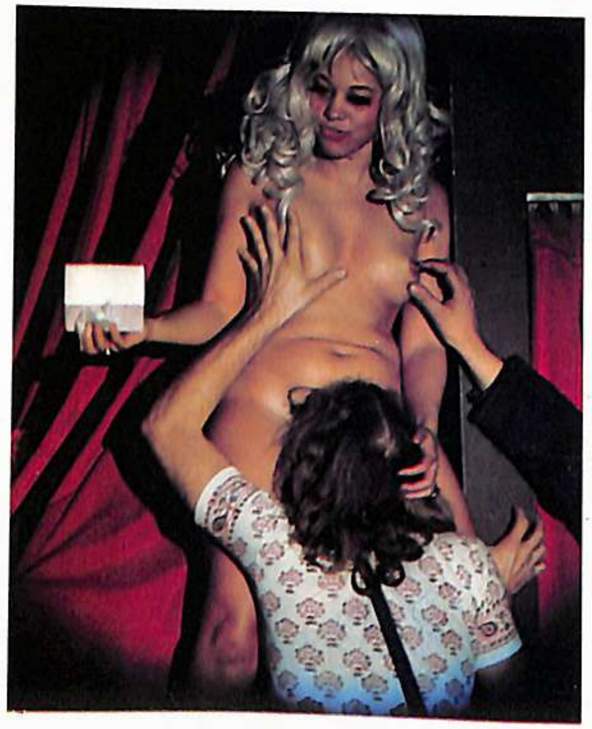
You've got to remember that this kind of wide-open sex was much less prevalent at that time and there was virtually no performer-audience contact in any of the theaters I was then involved with. But even these facts seemed to me to be far less shocking than the outrageous physical conditions braved by both Monica and her fans.

It was mid-winter and there was no heat in the far-from-full theater. Still, there were a good 30 fans sitting in the ice-cold stripjoint, shivering in their winter coats and earmuffs, and yes—most of them were jerking off *with their gloves on!* How's that for fan loyalty? Although it was too frigid (in spite of the torrid heat emanating from the stage) for us to stay, this vivid image of devotion has always remained with me.

On Monica's most recent arrest ticket (issued several weeks ago) her age is recorded as 30. She was born in Amelea, Virginia near Norfolk.

"Sex was a sin when I was growing up," says Monica, "and it was hidden and suppressed in every way it could be. My grandparents were particularly outraged by anything having to do with sex and, in fact, the whole town was. Why, you couldn't even kiss your boyfriend goodnight on the cheek without people calling you the worst kind of names. Even when I was young, I knew I had to get out. I went to Boston, started supporting myself as a secretary in an insurance company. I had to lie about my age since I was only 16 at the time.

"Nine-to-five jobs just didn't do it for me, even at such a young age. For one thing, the money is ridiculous. I mean, you can't really support yourself on a secretary's pay. The boss is always trying to get you to suck him off, and it's very boring. I started to try and break into modeling. I went to the Boston School of Modeling and started getting odd jobs modeling bikinis. I should really add that my sex life was really pretty conventional during all this. First I married a Greek, then I got divorced and married an Italian, and then I married my third husband who I'm with now, although he doesn't travel with me—he stays in Las Vegas where I live about half of the time."



Before Monica got into her radical sex-on-stage career that has made her famous, she says she considered herself frigid, incapable of orgasm. Having others act out their wildest fantasies with her, she says, has also increased her own ability to really enjoy sex. When it comes to experience, there's no doubt that Monica has it, and when it comes to numbers, I for one, am convinced that she holds almost all the records.

The first week Monica performed at the Sex Fantasy Theatre in New York, her act consisted primarily of letting the audience eat her out. She'd come out on stage, almost always in an elaborate Las Vegas type costume (part of her trademark) and announce after a short dance number: "OK, babies, it's feeding time." People were always fighting for front-row seats. Some of her most loyal fans came and started forming a line outside the theater at 8:15 a.m. Once in a while, Monica would climb over the front rows of the audience to let the fans in the back get a mouth full. I remember one day, she looked out into the audience and said: "I'm always showing you mine, how come you never show me yours?" One little short guy in an overcoat made it all the way over to the aisle out of his center seat in about the fifth row, ran all the way down to the front of the theater and pulled out what was, for a man of his size, a really big hard-on. The audience started to applaud. At the end of her week at

the theater Monica pissed in a guy's mouth.

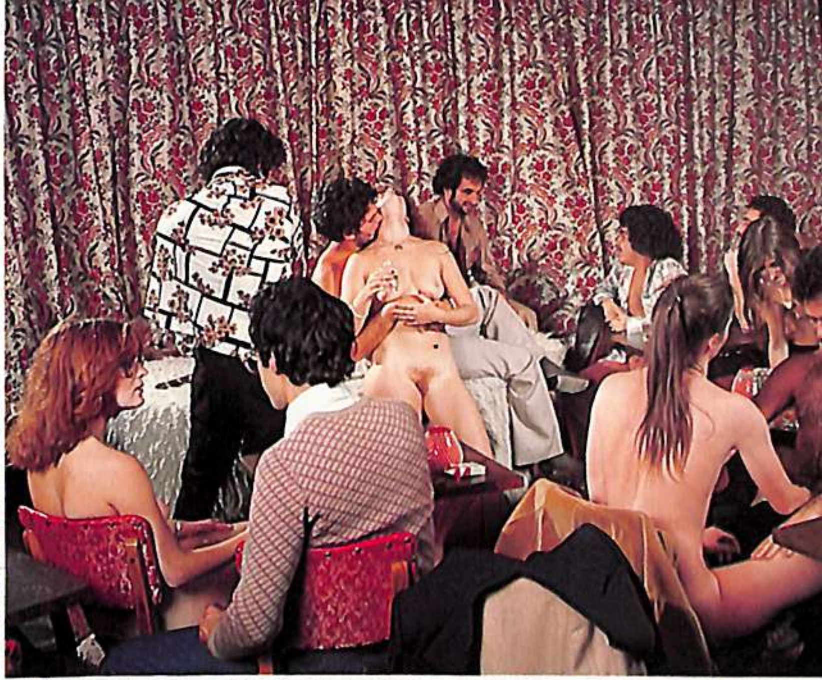
Monica defies all stereotypes. She is not only the absolutely most direct and raunchiest performer ever to appear onstage, she is also a highly conscious and intelligent woman, and a person of extreme warmth. Monica has more fans in New York City than any other three live-sex-show stars combined, and it's no accident either. Monica knows how to build an audience, how to satisfy them and most important how to keep them coming back for more. They never know what she's going to do next.

About the third or fourth day of Monica's second two-week booking at the Sex Fantasy Theatre, she took a heckler up on stage with her. The guy was one of those goons who comes in with friends and tries to impress them. He started yelling from the back part of the theater, which is where this type always sits: "Hey, baby! Eat me!" After he'd yelled this two or three times, Monica just stopped what she was doing and said: "OK. Come on up." Well, the audience started to cheer, and the guy turned bright red. His friends were all coaxing and yelling at him to go up on stage. He knew his bluff was called, but he still wasn't sure about Monica. Well, folks, remember one thing: Monica Kennedy does not bullshit. If she says she'll do something she will do it, and that's exactly what she did. She sucked the guy off until he came and had the whole house standing on its feet applauding.

"After I got into the modeling thing," says Monica, "I started getting into go-go dancing. Now this was when go-go was really in, y'know, like the Peppermint Twist at the Peppermint Lounge? I danced in all the big places with all the big bands. I was one of the dancers in those little cages on the Clay Cole television show. It was fantastic. Yet somehow, you know, you can, well, be a go-go dancer forever and never really make a name for yourself. That's when I got into what was then called 'stripping.' My thing was to combine what I call class (or 'production') with novelty, you know always new ideas and, of course, raunch. Most of what you see now . . . well, I'm not bragging, but everyone who's been around the scene . . . they know, I started it. When I first started performing with the audience, all of the other girls used to say I was out of my mind, but now they wonder why I command the price I do. You see, it's very simple. I've never been afraid to take that chance for my fans, to face an arrest or whatever. I'm free, and that's what brings 'em in. They know that. They want a piece of it, and when they leave they're happier than when they came in. And that's the ticket. I make people happy."

I have to say that of all the guys I've seen leaving the theater after a Monica Kennedy show, I've never seen *one* who felt he didn't get his money's worth. The most common expression is one of disbelief, and utterances under the breath to the effect of, "I don't believe it."

Monica does it all. She sucks off an average of three to four customers per show, onstage. Generally takes on one or two in the ass (she says she likes it better than cunt fucking), and lets at least 20 or more customers eat her out. She's a serious hygiene advocate using "handi-wipes" to clean the important areas *(Continued on page 92)*



JUST YOUR AVERAGE NEIGHBORHOOD TAVERN... WITH A DIFFERENCE!

By VICTORIA HALPERIN

Photographs by PETER HURD

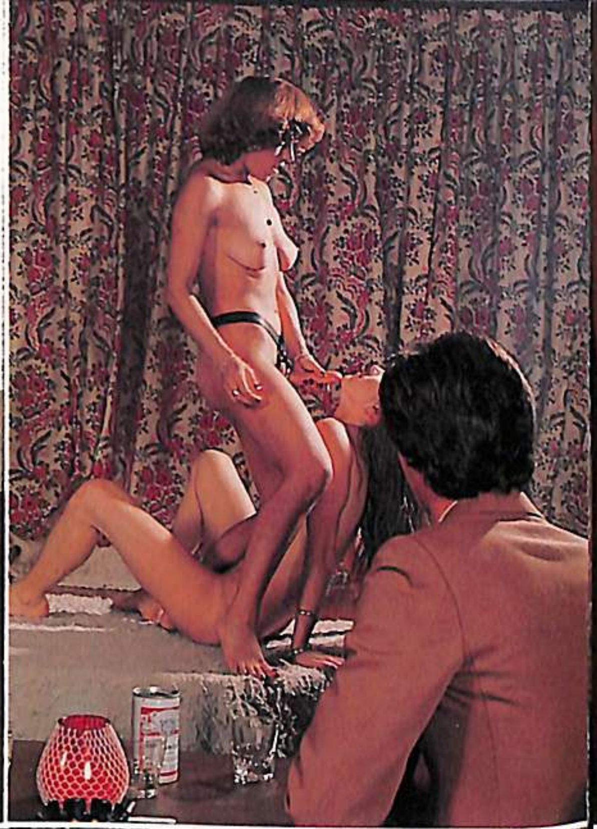
What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" she asked me with her face pushed up against mine and her naked shoulders close enough to me that I could smell her body and a trace of perfume. But there was nothing irreverent about her question.

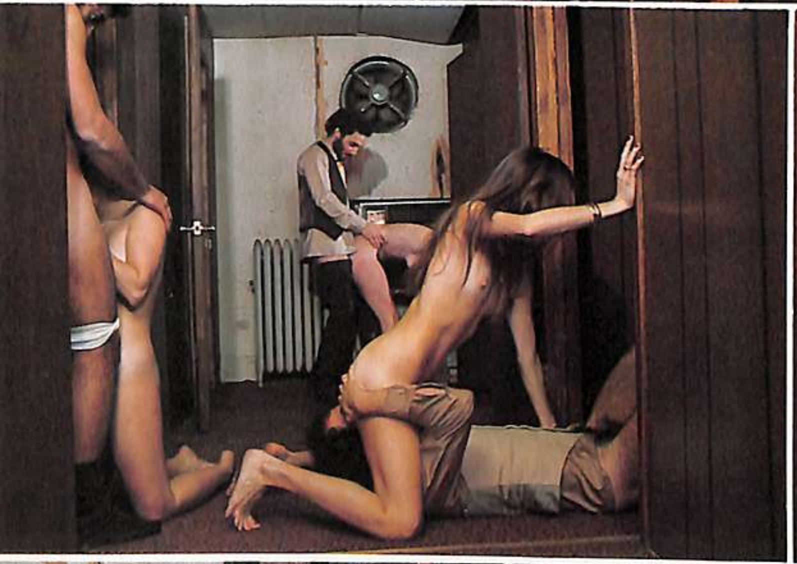
"I was about to ask you the same thing," I said just as sincerely.

Both of us were appraising each other with keen interest, as keen as the muted overhead lights would permit, in an establishment nestled inconspicuously in the loins of New York City. I had just traveled up from the ground floor in a cheerless elevator I wouldn't recommend to the claustrophobic and waited for admittance behind a bolted door wired with video equipment. Inside, with the door locked behind me, I was terribly disappointed. New York has the nerve to call this a whorehouse! Where are the crinkly velvet divans, the wallpaper with gold fleur de lis, and the stout madame with the atrocious mole on her chin? In Paris in the thirties maybe, but not in here. Not inside these walls as cheaply paneled as someone's den. Not beneath these red lights so flat, red, and unmitigated that I felt like I'd come for an x-ray. But no one else's fantasies seemed to be trampled by the decor of this private club doubling as a bordello, so spare that it couldn't even be considered ugly. The well-groomed customers seemed to be ensconced comfortably enough in chairs from an old catering hall, and the girls, seven or eight of them, all naked, were lounging among the men and wagging their tits in their faces with a play-

(Continued on page 70)

An exclusive inside look at America's most unusual middle-management sex club—where brokerage execs and advertising heavies get their rocks off in a saloon-type atmosphere





BARBARA THE BARMAID

Portrait of a Whorehouse Drinkmixer

Behind the bar at the Wall Street club, Barbara Seagram (how apt!) measures out a shot of gin. The customers follow her body studiously: honey-haired, soft-mannered, guilelessly seductive. A pretty woman at her work deserves their attention. Simple beauty, her rose-painted fingernails wrapped around a glass, ought to be a quiet pleasure after a day of businessmen's voices rasping across a plain-faced conference table. Like unwatered weeds, the men droop on the bar counter, leering and thirsty. Barbara goes about her business, dragging glasses through sudsy water, adding up their tabs like any other young woman who efficiently tends bar except that unlike most others the only thing Barbara has on is her nail polish. It makes the glassy-eyed leering more understandable. Even the healing effects of a double scotch are no match for the sight of her breasts swaying lazily while she works.

Protected by the bar rrom curious fingers, Barbara is indifferent to her nakedness. It's the costume which the management of this private club-bar-bordello deems appropriate, the same concept as a bunny's butt with her own tail—not a powder-puff flashing behind her. The other girls who work there and fuck the clients for a livelihood, are naked, offering no padded promises they can't live up to. So Barbara is outfitted like the rest of them. The men can gawk all they like, caress her with a

(Continued on page 93)

BEAN CITY

(Continued from page 20)

great idea. "It'll get you some funds, and maybe a publicity boost." I commented that there appeared to be a lot of photographers around—some of which I suspected did not have their usually benevolent air.

Neither of us had seen any of our own clients around, but Aerthra noted that "our favorite was there in spirit." I agreed, because he was the only one I could coax into buying a ticket for the Ball!

Now came the climax of the evening. Steve Lewis was emceeing our First Annual Awards for hooker, trick, pimp, pig, and sugar-person of the year. First came the nominations for Joe of the Year. One was for Joe Conforte, manager of the Mustang Ranch in Nevada, the only state where prostitution is legalized. The scene in Nevada is bad for the women, since, legally sanctioned, they are subject to various harassing laws. One example is that a known hooker cannot be on the streets (with innocent intent!) after a certain hour. Decriminalization would eliminate all this, while at the same time making prostitution as legitimate an enterprise as any other business. But I digress. The other nomination was for an ex-pimp named Silky, who had written an autobiography and was rewarded with imprisonment for "five to ten" by my favorite police-state folks, the IRS. Pimp of the Year was a surprise: Charlie Brown, a Boston attorney who defends many prostitutes in the course of his regular practice.

The Trick of the Year had one nominee, the City of Miami, which was then declared the winner by default. The Miami Vice Squad, maintaining its eternal vigilance, arrested a woman several months ago for prostitution. It turns out that she was a minister's wife on her way to the store. She and her husband sued the city for false arrest and won $1,500. Rather a nice paying gig!

The Pig of the Year had several nominations. One of them was for Garret Byrne, the DA of Suffolk County, Boston. Mr. Byrne is sure that peddling ass is one of the most heinous crimes around; he also prosecuted the showing of "Deep Throat." Need I say more? The second nomination was a joint one, for two Boston cops known as "Bobby and Ralph" in the Combat Zone. These two were nominated for, as it was discreetly put, "their efforts above and beyond the call of duty to get the women off the streets." Draw your own conclusions. The third nominee was Superintendent Doyle, head of the Boston Vice Squad. The head of the Back Bay Association, Dan Ahern, garnered the fourth, due to his efforts to keep prostitutes out of the area. A Brockton judge, George Hurd, was the final nominee. Hizzoner ruled last year that, under Massachusetts law, only a woman could be prosecuted for prostitution, and threw the case of a man arrested for the charge out of court on those grounds. And the winner was . . . another surprise: The Cambridge Police. The city of Cambridge, with its respectable yet tolerant liberals, has one of the most narrow-minded PD's in the area. Cambridge's Finest shut down a local coffeehouse temporarily for showing soft-core (and containing artistic merit, as they say) pornographic films. The "official" reason was an obscure license violation. (This is not an isolated incident; the Department averages one to two arrests per year on "obscenity" charges.) This—plus a recent widespread arrest of masseuses in the city—garnered them the award. (Among those of us in PUMA, there was some fear that they might try to bust the Ball. For this reason, an old-fashioned "kissing booth" was vetoed as a possible side attraction. Even though this is a feature of the straightest county fairs and church bazaars, *after all*, hookers will be hookers, the cops might reason. Who knows what we might be giving out with kisses, like phone numbers??)

Lawrence Shubow, an attorney who has given much time and energy to PUMA's efforts, was named Sugar-Person of the Year.

The Hooker of the Year award had 3 nominations. The winner was the newsperson who was able to extract the highest known (for a woman) salary in her field from her client, ABC . . . who else but Barbara Walters?

A final award was given for Best Costume. A Danish beauty, Nina, received the award in her "hooker housewife" costume. She had various legends pinned to potholders, such as "Darling, no headache for two weeks and you'll buy me a dishwasher." I talked with her afterwards and found out she's neither a hooker nor a housewife. She's an occupational therapist who heard about PUMA the day of the Ball, was sympathetic, and decided to go. The implication of her costume was, of course, that many sweet I'il housewives prostitute themselves for favors and material goodies.

My interview with Nina was interrupted by two men who came up to ask both of us to dance. Afterwards, my drunken partner told me his name was Hugh L. Falling all over me, he told me that he came to the Ball because he "grew up with members of the bands." When I asked him how he felt about PUMA's goals, he declared in my ear that he "didn't really care if a woman wanted to be a whore," and launched into a diatribe about boyfriends calling their women whores if they played around. When it became obvious that he was in agreement with the boyfriend's point of view, I politely excused myself. He shrugged his shoulders and went off in pursuit of a looser conquest.

Most of the men there weren't really turning me on, but the women were. Nina in particular and, as we danced together, I found myself wishing we were—doing more. Unfortunately, due to her shyness and reserve, my lust went unsatisfied. I kept hoping that, at the very least, I could take the time to run off to the bathroom for a quickie. But time was limited, and the john was so public. Sometimes hookers can be shy, too; but that's another story.

Then I met Roger and Sarah, an S/M couple who belong to the New York Eulenspiegel Society. Both were dressed totally in black. After telling me about all the people in the New York Society that he didn't like, Roger said that they were starting a Boston branch. All interested Bostonians can contact them in care of the New York Society.

About 1 a.m., during the band's break, the crowd was treated to an it-can-only-happen-in-Boston event: the Helium Mime Show. Laura Shepperd, the actress, did three skits that were straight mime. No raunch, no nothin' like that. At first it seemed an odd, although enjoyable, interlude. There were the usual drunk turkeys commenting obscenely throughout, but most of the audience was attentive and amused. Later Laura and I discussed the realities of fantasy. She was quick to point out a not-so-obvious parallel of miming and hooking: both require creating a fantasy atmosphere to ensnare the audience or client.

The next morning (nominal morning, of course), I crawled out of bed to phone Steve Lewis about how well PUMA did. The ball took in about $1,000, of which $900 was profit. About 250 people attended—and not more than 30, I would say, were really hookers of one sort or another.

Due to the repressive atmosphere generated by the local police, more outrageous costumes and acts weren't around. In spite of that, the good times had by straights and hookers alike were *very* much in evidence. The ball could hardly be called a bore. Who knows? Perhaps someday soon hookers will be able to throw a ball—and have the freedom to work the floor, too!

MEDICAL
RINALDO

"You can forget that tongue depressor, Nurse Frebish. . . ."

S(E)X-70:

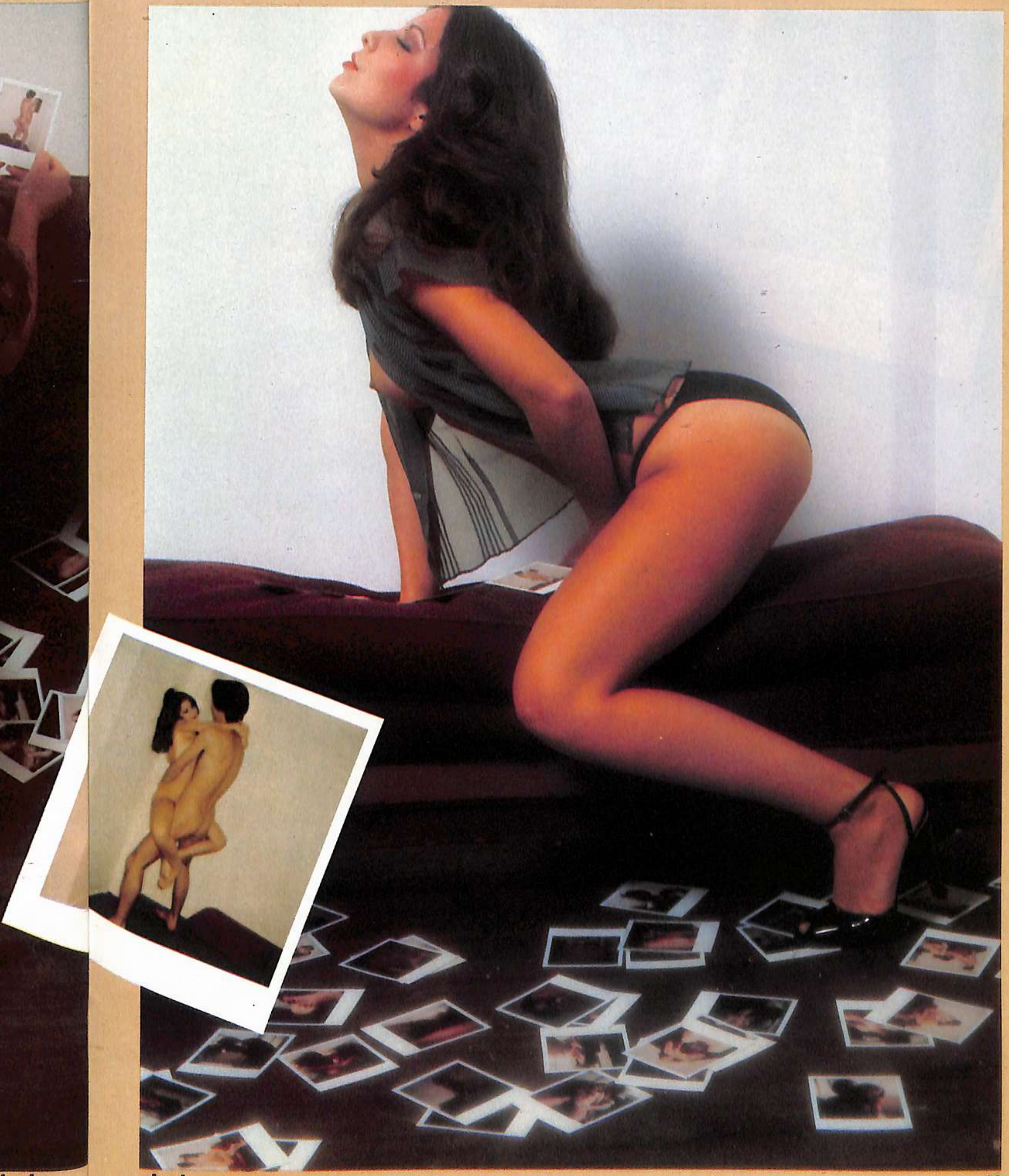
FROM INSTANT FOREPLAY TO INSTANT REPLAY

Photographs by Carl Kravats

In the solitude of her room, Dee remembers. . . .
It had been an afternoon like so many, wiled away in gymnastic sexuality. Another fleeting fleshfeast. Timmy had been so good. Prodding her inhibitions with his tongue, unleashing her inner winds with the pounding of his prick. An ecstasy doomed to anonymity. *Until he whipped out the Polaroid. . . .*

Hair and makeup by Angelina

She affixes finger to clit and recalls. . . . **How he invited Bernie over to etch the once-and-future memories into SX-70 film. How they posed the day away, stacking orgasm upon orgasm until the last liquid was spent upon each other's thigh.**
The memory of the cuntlap burns her thigh. . . .



The Twin Cities' One-Woman Sex Factory

By RENEE ROUSSEAU, Cheri Personal Ad Reviewer

Everybody knows that ads for swinging in sex magazines are usually nothing but shit—posing as homegrown when they usually turn out to be come-ons from big slick operations out for your money. They get what *they* want and you end up with some fifth-rate out-of-date crap that wouldn't turn on a potato. Nobody knows this better than me. CHERI's intrepid sex-ad's reviewer. I try to weed out the good ones—the ones that are for real—from the bad, the ugly and the all-around rip-offs. I'm tired of people getting cheated when they're exposing their most vulnerable by answering these ads!

So you can imagine my surprise when I went through my mail the other day and opened a letter from a real-life swinger, so homegrown and kinky and *available* that I dropped everything else I was doing that day and got on the phone—to Minneapolis! You thought folks in the Midwest stuck to smorgasbords and gin rummy for kicks? Are you kidding? Just because we hadn't heard anything didn't mean the heartland was a wasteland. Still waters run deep. And sure enough, right under the surface of this vast and silent midsection of our country runs a pornographic river wide as the Mississippi. And the first nibble on our line comes from Lynn Berry, who runs a down-home mail-order swingers' service—when she's not soliciting for the religious company she works for!

"I am a 26-year-old bisexual married girl who digs eating pussy as much as sucking cock or fucking and I have hundreds of photos to prove it (not that I need to)!" So began Lynn's letter. It sounded like she lacked nothing when it came to sexy spunk. She went on to explain she considers

From her home in Minneapolis, Lynn Berry turns out a pornucopia of erotic goodies, ranging from smelly underwear to jackoff tapes.

"Dear Lynn, if a gal wants a dog to fuck her, we charge her $30. . . ."

"Hi Lynn,

"Just got your letter and the pix—I wish that was me eating your hot cunt! I do my sucking when I'm being sucked or fucked. I'm in the fashion-model business and I train young chicks to work as models. . . .

"My three friends and I keep a gay houseboy who is also bi and really well hung, and we have a cabin lodge in the mountains where we hold weekend sex parties. We entertain about six couples each weekend, white or black, and all of us really enjoy young cunt. We have a trained German shepherd around in case some gal wants her hubby to watch her get dogfucked! We

ILLUSTRATION BY RENE MONCADA

"Dear Lynn, I've never sucked cock. What does it taste like. . . ?"

charge $30 a couple, single guys $25, and no charge for young single chicks. We supply all refreshments and a log fire, animal skin rugs—and one water bed. Plenty of mats to fuck on in the living room. In fact you can fuck in the woods, if you like. . . .

"I spent two weeks at a local hospital to have some warts removed from my ass and I had a ball with the night nurse. She kept touching my breasts and asking if I wanted her to massage them. That was fine with me, and before long she had me really turned on. I started stroking my mound and fingering my clit—that gave her ideas and she started sucking on my nipples. . . . I put my hand up under her uniform and her mound was terrific; I sucked her nipples while she played with my hard clit. We had a session every night at 2 and 4 a.m. . . .

"Well, Lynn, I have to go pack for my weekend at the Lodge! Bi bi, and keep it tight. . . ."

"Hi, hot-cunt Lynn!

"I've never sucked a prick. What does it taste like? Let me tell you what I'd do for you if I ever met you: I'd bind your hands and feet in front, then make you finger your cunt till you cum, then suck you off and put you up on all fours and fuck dog fashion to make you cum. Do you have a master? I'm looking for one? I'm available. If I had you I'd turn you over and spank you with my right hand and with my left hand I'd pull a few hairs from your taint.

"Do you know where your taint is? I'll tell you how to find it: I know you got one. Lay on your back bare-assed, put your finger on your asshole and move your finger toward your cunt. Between the two is your taint. T'aint asshole and it t'aint cunt. Oh how I love kissing taints! They've got some cunt taste and some asshole taste. . . . Mmm! I'd just nibble away all day until my jaws got sore. . . .

---

herself a proud member of the growing league of true-blue Americans who like to stimulate their horny appetites by placing raucous ads in swinger magazines. "I have found," she went on, "the best responses come from placing ads in the cheap 50-75 cent tabloid-weekly sex papers that can be bought at the local drugstore, and the odds of contacting girls who have been thinking about the bi scene are much higher." She enclosed one of her ads and some great photos—her husband takes them—and told me all about her life as a moonshining mail-order swinger!

Since Lynn's ads deal mostly with meeting other swingers—both singles and couples—she doesn't really offer any "products" as such. She does welcome photo exchanges with couples anywhere, and since there's no money involved in these, there's no question of a ripoff—at least from *her* end of the stamp. She did send me a letter from a chick who claimed to have seen Lynn's photo in a swinger's mag and who wanted personal erotic pix. Lynn felt instinctively from the tone of the letter that "she" was a "he" trying to connive freebee nookie photos from her—probably to resell illegally somewhere else for a few easy bucks.

"I am very selective about who I make it with but I do dig writing sexy letters to guys, girls and couples who answer my ads, and it can be prfoitable if you handle it right. All of my dildos, vibrators, the cassette recorder, the movie camera and projector and other unaccountable $ came from lonesome folks who just want a letter, a photo, and a little understanding. . . ." Right on, sister!

"People tell me all about their crazy experiences. . . . One girl's husband is a doctor, and their thing is to get straight girls into their home, give them a sleeping potion, strip them and take pictures of both of them eating and screwing the chick. After the photo session they dress her and put her back on the couch, and she is none the wiser—but I wonder what she thinks about her wet panties?" So do I, honey. Crazy is right. "Several other couples are having a contest with me to seewho can put the strangest object in her box and I have some fantastic pictures of the action." And *we* can't wait to see them, Lynn!

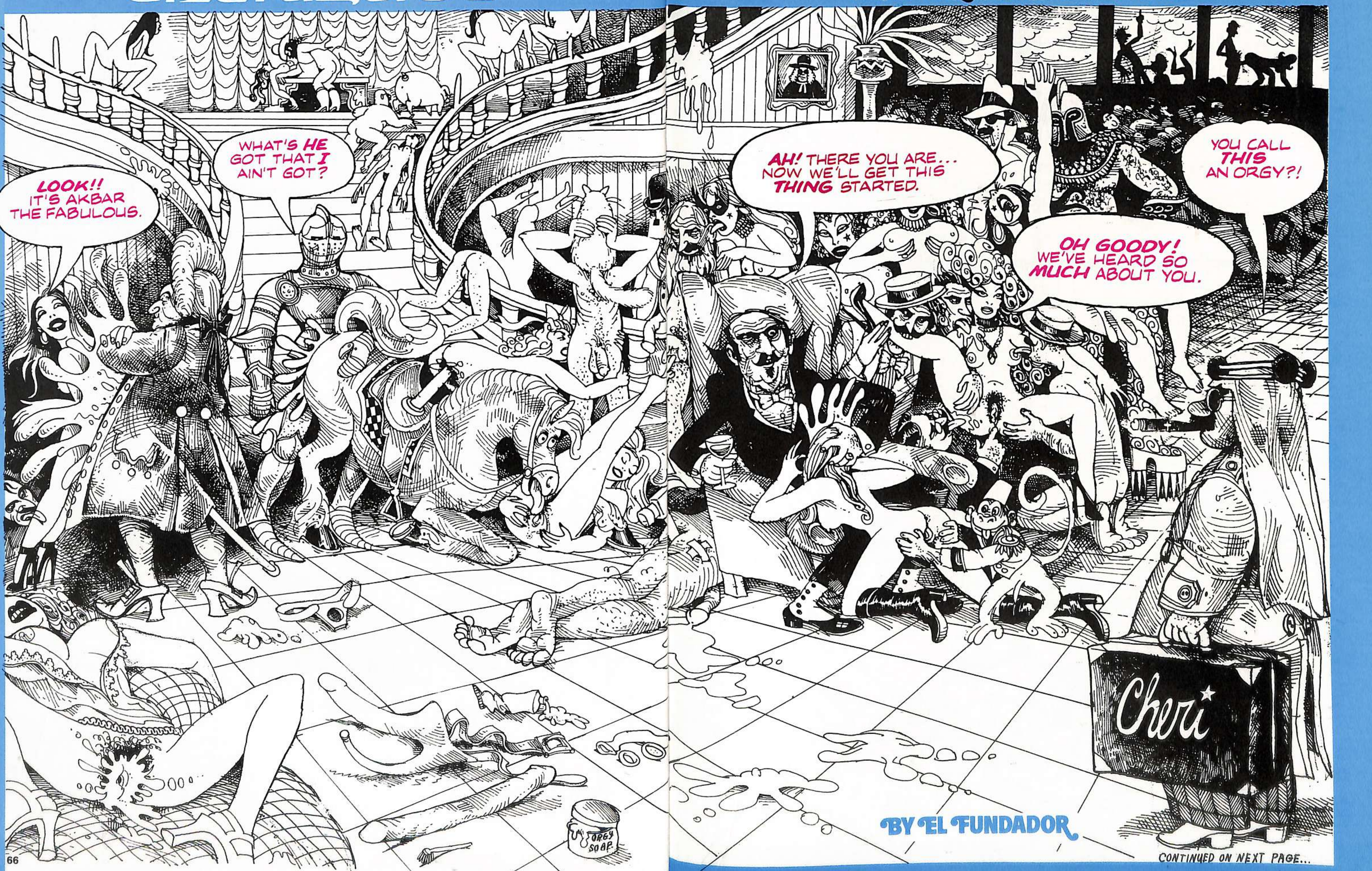
She goes on to say that she regularly gets letters from "a guy in Maine, and all I know is his initials and the box number. This guy sent me a movie of him giving himself an enema with a garden hose . . . he takes the entire nozzle and several inches of hose up his ass. I have really found some honeys. . . ." Whew!

Lynn and her husband have the ideal marriage: a good photographer whose wife is a willing and foxy subject. They shoot poses everywhere, anywhere, doing anything, making free and easy use of the beautiful Minnesota landscape while they're at it—waterfalls,

(Cont.on page 96)

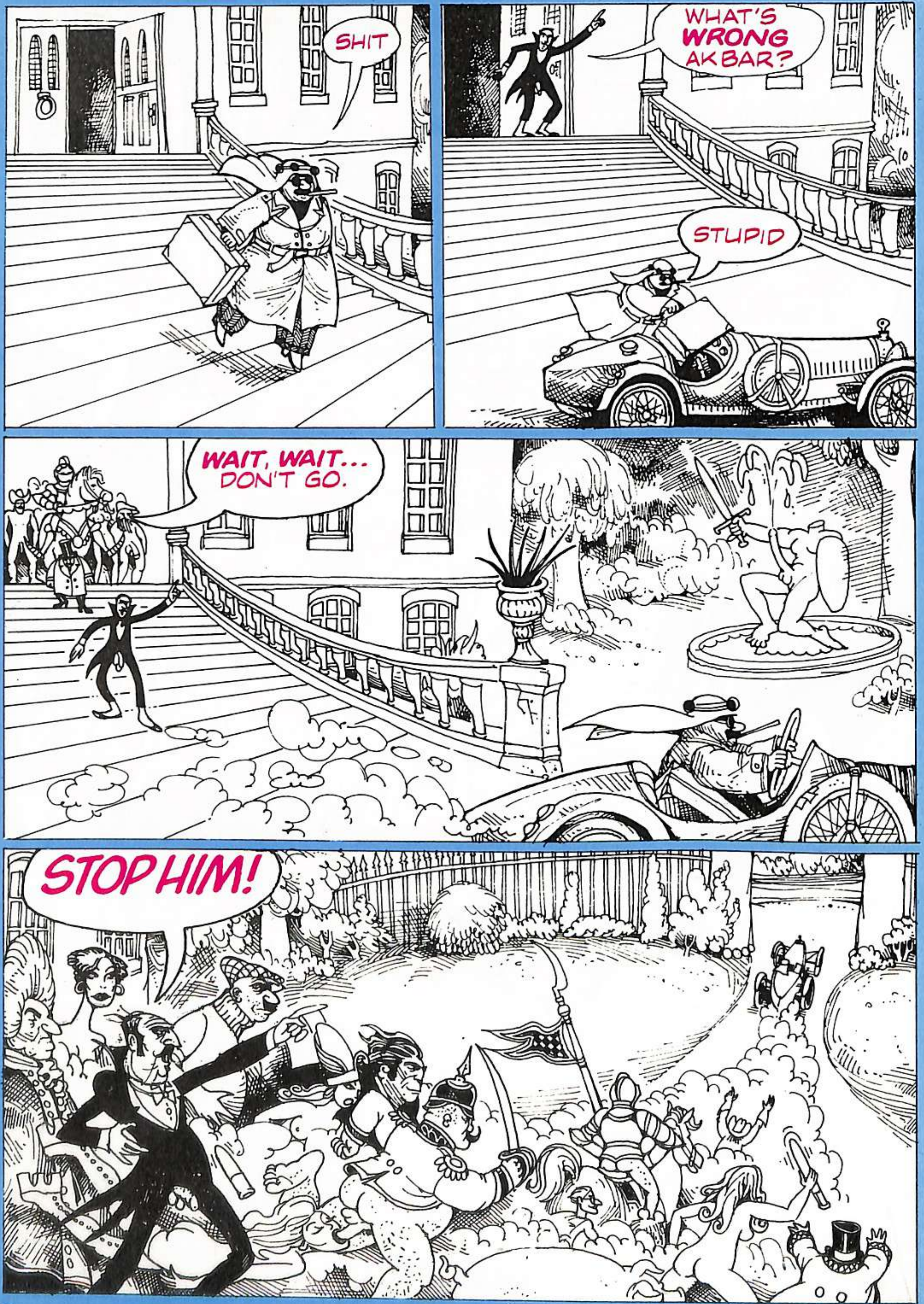
NO SMOKING
BY ORDER FIRE D
EAT IT RAW
HENDRIX
GARY HALLGREN

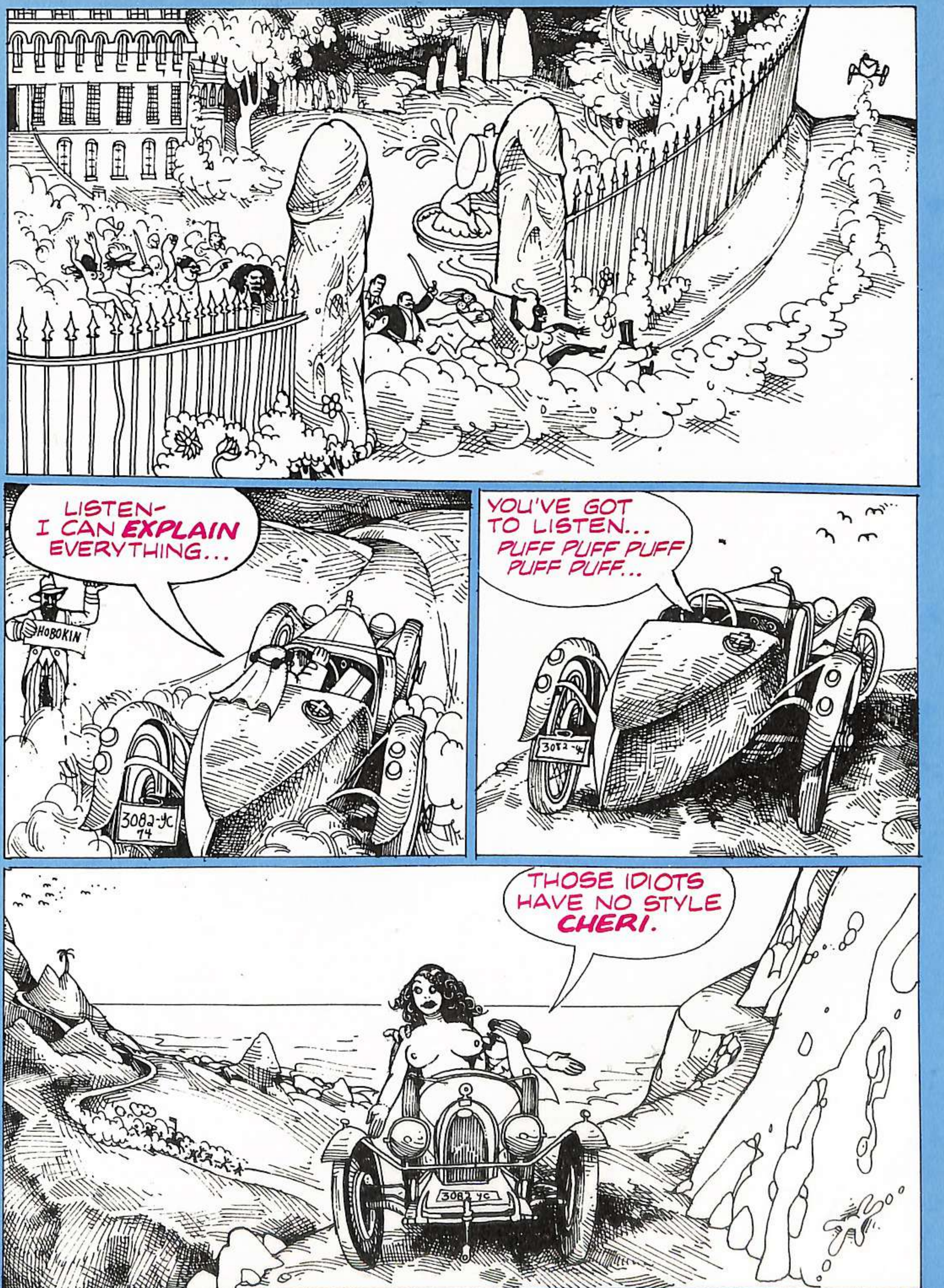
The Inflatable Doll


LOOK!! IT'S AKBAR THE FABULOUS.
WHAT'S HE GOT THAT I AIN'T GOT?
AH! THERE YOU ARE... NOW WE'LL GET THIS THING STARTED.
YOU CALL THIS AN ORGY?!
OH GOODY! WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU.
Cheri
ORGY SOAP

BY EL FUNDADOR

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE...


SHIT
WHAT'S **WRONG** AKBAR?
STUPID
WAIT, WAIT... DON'T GO.
STOP HIM!


HOBOKIN
LISTEN- I CAN **EXPLAIN** EVERYTHING...
3082-YC 74
YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN... *PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF...*
3082-YC
3082-YC
THOSE IDIOTS HAVE NO STYLE ***CHERI***.

BAY CITY

(Continued from page 19)

more time for UPI," he says. Red obliges, always happy to get it on for the press, and it's her ass that shows up in the *Chronicle* next day.

"I'm not a hooker," she tells all the guys. "I'm an actress." Which triggers a smile from me as I remember that history's most infamous hookers have always referred to themselves as actresses.

The topless nun in black tights discovers Red's tits and is sucking on them and going for her cunt over at the edge of the room. I kill several Swedish meatballs and watch people coming in the door. I recognize novelist Herbert Gold and Max Scherr, the man who created the Berkeley BARB; watch the meeting between Vito and Robert Crumb, two of the major influences on the subcultures in the Sixties. Vito dances over and bows to Crumb, shakes his hand, talks with him for a few minutes, then gets his small company together and leaves.

This is the third annual Coyote Ball and it looks like the biggest to date. The ballroom is filled by nine and there are several hundred people waiting outside to get in. On the street, various entertainers keep it all in motion. The San Francisco Hilton is set in the heart of the city in the Tenderloin district, an area noted for sex clubs, tricking, mugging and other urban forms of recreation.

Hooker-watchers abound. And the visiting firewomen look like the debutantes they are. They stay cool.

Atop a small round table a young woman whirls a hula-hoop around her waist in time to the blare of disco music. As she spins, the blue tablecloth curls inward causing all of the glasses and ashtrays to go crashing to the hardwood floor. Her white yoga pants are split up the sides to her waist. The visible line of skin is erotic—and is complimented by the large red heart just above her crotch.

Sketching at her feet is cartoonist Gary Hallgren. Behind him, crouching near the wall, your predictable cluster of striaght tourists. Their eyes are glued to the swirling mass of glitter and mylar and greasepaint that flows around and around in the year's most massive feel-in. A couple of glossy green frogs precede a ladybug. Then the usual fratboy in longies and a diaper, sucking beer out of a baby bottle. Lots of young girls using modified underwear

(Continued on page 77)

NEIGHBORHOOD TAVERN...

(Continued from page 47)

back of a poodle. Some wore boots, which made their bodies look that much softer, and I saw a shy hand reach for Chin's motherly tit like it was a piece of fine fabric. Chin smiled like any polite woman would after receiving a compliment and watched passively as the shy hand made its way to her belly, a little too fleshy and slightly dimpled, but where else can a married, middle-class hand find such an exciting place to linger?

Adultery is one possibility. But how cooperative could his neighbor's wife be if his neighbor has his hand on Chin's other breast? There is general promiscuity to try, but that gets risky, and his secretary would probably laugh. Swinging? Society's pillars are too contemptuous of current fads for that, and if his wife won't fuck him—how is he going to induce her to fuck another? Obviously Chin's nipples dangling at eye level or Dominique's fur-wrapped cunt, unperturbed by a probing finger and shielded from the everyday world by crimson shadows, are the easiest answers to his frustrations.

Secreted away from critical eyes, the club is a haven for dirty old rich men, dirty young rich men, rich men who are looking for the simplest way to get laid. Customers pay an initial membership fee and a standard sum to each girl they take into one of the bedrooms in back. Though payment is due for every twenty minutes alone with a girl, the mood around the bar, easing out of the jukebox and drifting toward the tables, is lazy and congenial, a bit like a Rotarians' meeting on a Saturday night. Since the club's hours are from four in the afternoon until two in the morning, the clients stop by after tucking the stock exchange in for the night, after making a final shipment of sable coats to Dallas. The clientele is impressive, to name at any rate, and extremely well salaried. Most of them are married and seem likely to remain that way. Sandy says she rarely hears a customer complain about his wife. But the men return to the club and their favorite girls with the fidelity of a good hunting dog, roll up their Brooks Brothers sleeves, and watch the parade of available flesh.

The girls snuggle into the tailored armpits of their regular customers and gossip dutifully about sex and the New York Jets. A man with a velour jacket and a nose like Sergio Franchi nurses a girl's breast while his friends snicker or stare enviously above his head. Another man parts a girl's thighs and tickles the pulpy clitoris he finds there like a good-natured gynecologist. It's obvious they are well acquainted. But everyone gets attention. Girls stroll over to newcomers with the what-can-I-do-for-you attitude of a friendly stewardess. But after a few strokes of the hip, even a gratuitous mouthful of cunt, if no definite offer is made, the girls smile and back away from the salacious, half-satisfied mouths with the dignity of a bored cat.

The sight of naked ladies is free along with a light sample of skin akin to high-school petting, but anything to do with penetration, let's say, is a commodity that has to be paid for in advance.

The least expensive item, and possible the most erotic, is a sex show performed on a small platform by two of the girls when enough money has been collected from the customers. Dancing cheek to cheek, breasts and bellies sandwiched while they sway, the girls lovingly rub each other's flanks. The newcomers swivel in their chairs for a better look and soak up their martinis without glancing at the glass. One girl lets her head fall back, which raises her thick breasts so that it is easier for her partner to feed on them. Then they both sink down on the platform and suck each other's cunts. The skeptical members of the audience walk up to the stage, their hands in their pockets, to make sure that the moans and the frenzied pulsations of the hips are for real. To disguise their naivete, the men nod their heads approvingly as if they were judging prize heifers. Oblivious for the moment of their impact and of the fact that they may be the first two women, appetizingly feminine, to act out what is to some of the men a nasty recurring fantasy, the girls burrow deeper into each other's cunts. The girls are good friends, lovers outside of work. Their pleasure in one another is so sincere it's almost wholesome—lovemaking between unblemished breasts and slim legs intertwined. Then they introduce another friend, a peach-colored dildo, which one straps across her hips and presses slowly between the cunt lips of the other.

Not everyone watches with rapt attention. Harvey, who frequents the place and is never sober, smacks his lips and heads for the stage as if he were going for a touch-down. When he spies an unemployed pubis, he plunges his carefully combed head into the vacancy and howls, mouth full of pussy, to show his appreciation. But he doesn't stay for long. The girl wriggles free and trades Harvey in for her lover's painted mouth.

The oddest sight of all but a significant one for understanding the appeal of the place is two men, their cufflinks strewn across the table, their sleeves rolled up to their elbows, arm wrestling while the two girls go on nibbling warm skin from armpit to moist cleft between the toes. In the background Barry White is babbling about love, and still the two men strain their flaccid muscles like it was the New York Athletic Club or boyscout camp on a rainy day. How could they possibly . . . ? If they are too drunk to see the sex onstage, isn't it's unmistakable aura enough to win their attention. The naked girls wear it like a transparent negligee. Apparently blind to it, the men challenge their manhood and chaff their elbows, and the girls could care less. They watch the men order round after round until they reach the point of impotency . . . or because of it. Everything is permissable. It's a night out with the boys. The presence of the girls just adds to the naughtiness of it. Here, as easily as any place, the men can give themselves up to the most banal desires: to gossiping, to pelting each other with insults, to strutting and leering and "being dirty" with impunity, to fucking without fear of rejection.

The good husbands, even the bad ones, the upstanding

(Continued on page 77)

cheri's bizarre bazaar

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. . . with a NEW placebo called **PERSUADERS.** A pinch in her food or drink and get ready for instant love-making. She'll be turned on for hours of wild passion and lots of lovin. Works so fast you should take some yourself. No prescription. Extra strong and safe to use.

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SUPERSTARS OF PORNO IN BIG SCREEN FILMS

OFFER A

Sensational porno films like DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL·IN MISS JONES cost **$5 and up** just to see once! Now, for **less than a single theater admission** you can **own** a full-length film with the **same superstar** performing every imaginable sex act for your **private** enjoyment. Not one, but **eight films** so controversial that we are not permitted to name them in advertising.

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If you have seen DEEP THROAT you'll recognize this star instantly. Watch her now, nude and more passionate than ever, perform for you privately, doing things with men that have made her the queen of hardcore. If one of her acts turns you on. . . stop the action and play it again. You can't do that when you watch in the theater!

NO. 2 BIG RAPE OFF

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The wedding night and the groom is nervous. She's waited so long that she casts aside all shame and bares her full, luscious body to him. He is startled, then aroused as she bares his manhood with trembling fingers and offers him her maidenhead.

NO. 7 LEZ LESSON

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The sex-driven, mentally disturbed girl has masturbation problems that the Richard Roundtree type psychiatrist tries to solve. She uses her hot lust to break his professional calm. The doctor-patient love scenes top anything yet filmed!

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Save even more money. . . buy all 8 films plus 3 grab bags — a total of $68.27 — for only $50.00.

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Because there are no other films that could compare with these, we **WILL NOT** make substitutions, we **WILL NOT** issue credits. If your order arrives too late to be filled, we will simply refund your money!

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Books. . . all the books you want to read. . . very adult. . . very sexy. . . very spicy! They're all here in this unbelievable grab-bag offer that contains everything from fiction to sex education and explicit case histories. A fabulous buy at a fraction of the original cost. You'll get at least 20 different books. . . **All for only $12.00.**

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We have contracted with a well-known manufacturer to offer you this $24.05 200-ft. viewer at our wholesale cost of only $15. **IF** you purchase at least one reel of film. And despite the low cost, we will offer you a **90-day unconditional guarantee** on this precision machine that features an adjustable focus eye piece, nearly automatic 15-second threading, and a large, bright image. **Added bonus:** You can also use it on super-8mm film!

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Total Enclosed $______

Please rush me: (circle letters desired)
A. 7" Vibrator @ 2.95 + 75c p&h
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C. Vaginal Sleeve @ 8.95 + 75c
D. Electric Anal T @ 8.95 + 75c

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

NEIGHBORHOOD TAVERN...

(Continued from page 70)

citizens, and the implacable businessmen, all of society's best and most respected providers, where can they go to provide for themselves? Where can they, with total abandon, vent their frustrations and relieve their anxieties? Here, in this dingy hall, lowly and impoverished and stripped of all the pretensions these men work everyday to buy for themselves and their families. Only men with money can afford a membership in a club like this, have a surplus of dollars that no one will miss. And how ironic it is that these are the men who can't find what they need anywhere else —or don't want to bother.

If the girls who work the place, who fuck the men with the unexercised bellies, don't exactly perceive their client's gray-flanneled schizophrenia, at least they accept it. And they meet its demands without disgust. The truth about prostitution is that it has endured despite harassment as diehard as the profession itself because nothing has ever been able to replace it. The free-love movement obviously failed. New mores haven't been able to uproot old phobias. Modern technology has just made the reliable prostitute with her legs spread wide in empathy that much more indispensible. "In my life," Harvey tells Sandy, "I've got my work, my family, and you. You keep it all together." So what if that is an exaggeration. Even it it's only true when his taxes are due or his wife is feeling menopausal, it's a good enough reason to experience—how do the sociologists say it—job satisfaction. If a fellow needs to have his cock sucked without hearing "George, you know it makes me gag" or needs to suck a cunt with his socks on, it's not farfetched to say that a good prostitute is as invaluable as a good therapist. By carefully prodding, a therapist can circle in on the source of a particular problem, and by placing willing hands on a bashful cock, a prostitute, whose sensitivity is comparable but physical, can initiate a successful sexual performance. And initiating, I'm told is usually her responsibility.

The men have remarkably ordinary sexual yens. The missionary position is fine with most of them. A blowjob, a little pussy. Very unimaginative stuff. They crave the feedback of a pimply adolescent. "Was I good? Did you come? Bet you never thought an optometrist could eat your little rosebud that well?"

Anal intercourse, eating out an asshole, even a deft finger between the cheeks—unmentionables this side of suburbia—are extremely popular. True a handful of clients cultivated a taste for it in jail, and some are just aching for a tightly clenched variation, but for many it soothes a nagging homosexual urge that may not amount to much more than a need to pay respects to another side of their personality. Whatever the need is, it does not have to be admitted openly to be satisfied. "You know, you remind me of my daughter. She has tiny breasts like yours" is enough.

Some men want a quick, anonymous session, others to romance a girl and woo her without owing her any more than the cost of a month of commuter tickets. They can play dominant and ruthless or they can lie like a coward in their shorts. However their sexuality operates, they can satisfy it without the intrusion of their young friend's own desire or personality. Few other women get to see the soul of a man when there is so little difference left between the lover a man imagines and the one who is actually pulsing beneath him.

Certainly the girls find some of their clients distasteful. To give a blowjob to a seventy-year-old who smells like a piece of cheese down to his semi-active cock, Regine dabs perfume under her nose. There are times when a customer is so drunk that no perfume can counteract the sour stench of his fermenting pores or compensate for his hiccups and his woozy cock. But even if the customers are friendly, well laundered, and operative, why do girls with clear skin and bright-enough minds choose to fuck them unhesitatingly for a living? Because, you answer, it's some living for a girl who would otherwise be selling table linens at Macy's or be plugged into a switchboard from nine to five. But that is not the only reason. To work here, I'm told, "you have to have a case of the crazies." As Sandy admits with a frank nod of fluffy yellow hair, she loves being desired and that inescapable sense of power when an aging executive, eyes creased with boyish anxiety, asks if he can have a turn. To be adored, to have a value so literal that it can be figured in dollars may be a radical way of feeling important, and nobody is denying that their need for attention might not be out of proportion, but it's hardly crazy. It's predictable and safe, safe above all from further responsibilities, for everyone involved.

Another truth of the matter is that the girls like to fuck. Andrea, stretched out like an odalisque on the bar, coos, "Hey, I'm horny. You gonna fuck me?"

"Stop that. You're tickling me," her bespectacled prey whimpers.

"That's cause I'm bubbly," she giggles, "like a glass of champagne." Not only does she obviously enjoy her flirtations, but she struts like the proud victor as she leads her customer to bed. She is also one half of the nightly sex show and, naturally enough, is often included when the men want more than one girl, a little lesbianism, and a voyeuristic thrill. Last week one client gave her a hearty spanking, and that too she treated like another helping of good, clean fun. "Oooh, it felt so good to be hit." The man who comes when she sucks his big toe just makes her giggle.

There are two men who manage the club and roam between bar and tables without interfering. Both of them agree, however, that no one can work there too long without taking time off or at least needing it—too long being three or four months. The girls get edgy, a little too clever. It's not, after all, just an ordinary job prying loose and then playing vessel to profound male needs, even if an orgasm is a possible return for their labors. To perform their job well, the girls have to be as in tune with their customers' needs as they are emotionally detached from them. Glaring contradiction isn't it. About as likely a combination as seventy-year-old Stanley astride twenty-two-year-old Regine. But it does work because Regine needs more than a flattering grope in a crowded subway and Stanley craves, just doesn't want to make do without, her well-educated mouth. Regine has found a home here with girls who share her tastes and attitudes, and Stanley, all ready for twenty minutes of rejuvenation, has found here what he couldn't find in his own.

BAY CITY

(Continued from page 70)

as costume. Lots of nice nipples, but few bushes. A nearly nude man wearing black harness and a jockstrap. A horse's tail falls between his cheeks. Smokey the Bear carrying his head. A few Supermen and Captain Americas looking drunk. A guy wearing a white lampshade with eyeholes passes out at the next table and goes crashing down in a rain of glasses and unfinished drinks. A few cuts, nothing serious.

A few heart attacks. A call for a doctor who has an emergency at St. Francis Hospital. "That's one dead, baby. Ain't no doctor gonna leave this bash. Just tag that poor corpse's toe."

The center of the dance floor is gay country, a collage of bearded drag queens in leather, vinyl, and feathers, their eyes glassy from coke and apricot brandy. They howl, whistle, catcall, and hit on every passing youngblood. One is dressed like a coconut palm tree, complete with leaves and coconuts. There's a guy with a salami stickig out of his open fly.

There's a boorish woman going around in dimestore vampire teeth trying to suck the blood of every young stud who passes.

Party-crashing is compulsive in San Francisco where all the good parties cost too much bread. There is an entire culture of fringe-folks who just keep track of where the parties are so they can go and crash. The Cockettes, a drag theater troupe that played North Beach around 1969-72, used to make all the parties. They got in because they looked great in their headdresses and their face makeup. Whoever was throwing the party couldn't resist having them for window-dressing. Doesn't work at a money-making like the Hooker's Ball though, and the Hilton had 25 security guards working all the exits. Margo St. James did let a lot of folks slide by just the same, that old North Beach softie.

The Hooker's Ball kicks off a week of celebration that transcends anything but New Year's Eve. Halloween is a holiday in which gay culture comes into its own, and locally it's called the Bitches' Christmas. A day when illusion and fantasy are realities, it's one in which men who want to be women *are* women and women who want to be men *are* men.

This Halloween holocaust brings out the dark side of our fantasy lives and you must believe that those images that pass are real. Trapped in the tightly pressed mass of this crowd, we feel helpless, anonymous, unable to express any form of individuality, unable to separate ourselves. Writer Sharon Skolnik remarked to me about the Hooker's Ball a few days before: "As the evening wore on, people began to take on the character of their costumes and to live out their fantasies."

Not three hours ago I was in a small North Beach theater called Intersection where I saw a tableau from a film called *The Cathouse Murders*. The stage was all red and white, drenched in blood. Grand Guignol it was, revived by Bill Wolf and his Triple-A Acting Company.

Seconds ago, I passed Priscilla Alden, one of the murdered actresses, and everything began to mesh, to come together and gave me a realization that we were into the Seventies now and some of what was happening was coming from the deep primitive past while other things were coming to us from the future. It was like that at the Ball. Crumb's music is from the Thirties and the African music is an amalgamation of primitive rhythm and modern electronics. Sex roles have become more and more ambiguous and for many they have ceased to exist. How often we hear people refer to themselves as bisexual lately. Outside of the business culture, there is little pressure to be masculine or feminine. Coming out of the ballroom at the Hilton, I saw the face of a lovely young woman with a white wig. As my eyes moved downward across the man's chest, I noted his leather outfit. His genitals were exposed and everyone who passed through the door had the same experience of seeing this lovely woman/man just standing there, smiling.

The Polk Street area is blocked off early in the evening and costume parties from all over the Bay Area drive or bus in to promenade and celebrate in what amounts to San Francisco's own version of Mardi Gras. All up and down Polk from Broadway to Geary, people parade. Folks lean out of their private parties in the buildings and interact with those who pass in the congested street below. A woman exposes herself over and over on one of the iron fire escapes to the cheers and applause below. On the intersection where California crosses Polk, traffic is jammed for miles, all the way from Nob Hill out to Divisadero. Horns are blasting and the handful of traffic cops are taking it easy. It's all in a night's work for them. When they succeed in stopping the mob a moment, a few cars roar through. On top of a station wagon, a queen in a light blue babydoll flashes her panties, rolls around in the luggage rack, and shows her beaver. All evening long she rides back and forth through the intersection doing the same show. Only the cars are different. A small group of people settles down a few feet from the traffic cops. One bearded young man in a cape produces a roll-up and lights it. The j passes around the small circle.

The crowd is estimated from 70 to 100,00 people and the promenade goes on into the hours of the morning when the gutters are filled with empty beer cans and wine bottles and broken glass. People flash by, their eyes bloodshot, their steps no longer sure.

Twenty blocks of muscle, makeup, pinched asses, sequined wedding gowns, powdered wigs, vampire teeth, softening jack-o'-lanterns, witches, ghosts, demons, devils, and ski-masked bizarro characters who blend into the warm night to give off images of stranglers, psychotic mass-murderers, ax-wielding rapists, the whole pantheon of American film-cum-television. The necrophile passes in his dingy black tuxedo, his pinched face a chalky-white. From a bag slung over his back protrude a pair of white mannikin legs. The sign he carries proclaims, THERE IS SEX AFTER DEATH—NECROPHILIA! And we know he's as real as the others. Who's to say what is and is not real on a night like this? We know they're always out there, the ones who wear the stockings over their heads and kill at random, the ones who have claimed the streets for themselves and keep thousands living inside their locked flats, the poor prisoners who think freedom is to rush from locked and guarded office to locked apartment. We know the necrophiles are there, too, the ones who kill before they fuck, because they cannot develop any relationship with the living.

KIM POPE

(Continued from page 37)

enclosed one for you.

Nudity, you could say, is part of our everyday life. We haven't been able to see any of your movies, Kim, but we'd love to watch them all. Please tell everyone at CHERI we love them all for their magazine, and we'll support it in any way we can—we'll continue to read it for all times to C-U-M.

Kim, we are here in Texas, ready and WAITING!

All our Love,
Linda and Carroll Bowman

Of course we wanted to bring our winning couple to New York. Our CHERI family is sooo efficient that I soon found myself at the airport, waiting for their plane. Now *I* was nervous! Would I be able to welcome them and put them at ease? I very much wanted their trip to be a fun adventure, and I knew it was up to *me* to make it go. But in my own career, I'm used to working with professionals, and these kids were probably green, and a little scared. But brave. I was very curious to see what they'd *really* be like.

Wouldn't you know it—the plane was late, so we, the CHERI welcoming committee amused ourselves by playing frisbee with a beret. You can always spot our crew wherever we go—but before we got too rambunctious, the plane landed. We spotted them right away. They were really nice, down-home kids! We all cheered inside.

During their week in New York we got to know each other pretty well, and they shared experiences and thoughts with me that were very touching and intimate. I trust you will share my admiration for their honesty and frankness.

LINDA: *What we expected were formally dressed people, real uptight, in a closed atmosphere. I mean, I even wore a bra for the trip! But Kim isn't at all like a movie star, a real snob. She walked up and handed me a rose, like I was her own sister, and said, "Wow, I'm glad to meet you. . . ."*

We took them to dinner and we all seemed to hit it off immediately. So of course everyone started talking at once.

LINDA: *Carroll and I went together for about five years and we've been married for a year. I love him so much, and I've been really faithful. No one turns me on like he does! He read your column first, Kim, and asked me if I wanted to try for it. And I said, "Well, we've never done it before so we might as well. . . ."*

CARROLL: *We've done a lot, though, with each other. And one of the happiest nights of my life was when I streaked the Sonic Diner, down home. I have these fantasies . . . like making love sky diving, but I guess that's a little hard. There's other ways, though. Like when we masturbated each other under the table at the Pizza Parlour. What I really wanted was for Linda to get under there and give me head, but she was too shy. We gave the waitress our order and while we're waiting, Linda's really jerking me off while I finger the hell out of her. Then comes the waitress with our food! At that point we were so into it we just edged up close to the table and kept going. The funny thing was, the waitress didn't notice, or maybe she just didn't show it. We really go off on that!*

Another thing is, I really didn't get into sex when a lot of the other kids did, around thirteen and fourteen. I was actually seventeen before my first experience. She was in high school with me—I guess you could say, a tart. And she was going out with my friend who knew all my so-called "sex scenes" had all been made up.

One day the three of us are getting stoned and they start making out on the couch. I'm just smoking, but he comes over and tells me, "She's all yours"—and he leaves. I take her into the bedroom. I couldn't get all her clothes off, so I tried to kiss her tits through her bra. Hard to say what her trip was. There was no sexual . . . response from her, she didn't say anything, and I figured since it was my first time maybe that was all my fault. Now when I look back on it, I realize I did just take advantage of her. . . .

We all arrived bright and early the next morning for our first photo session together. We sipped coffee while the make-up

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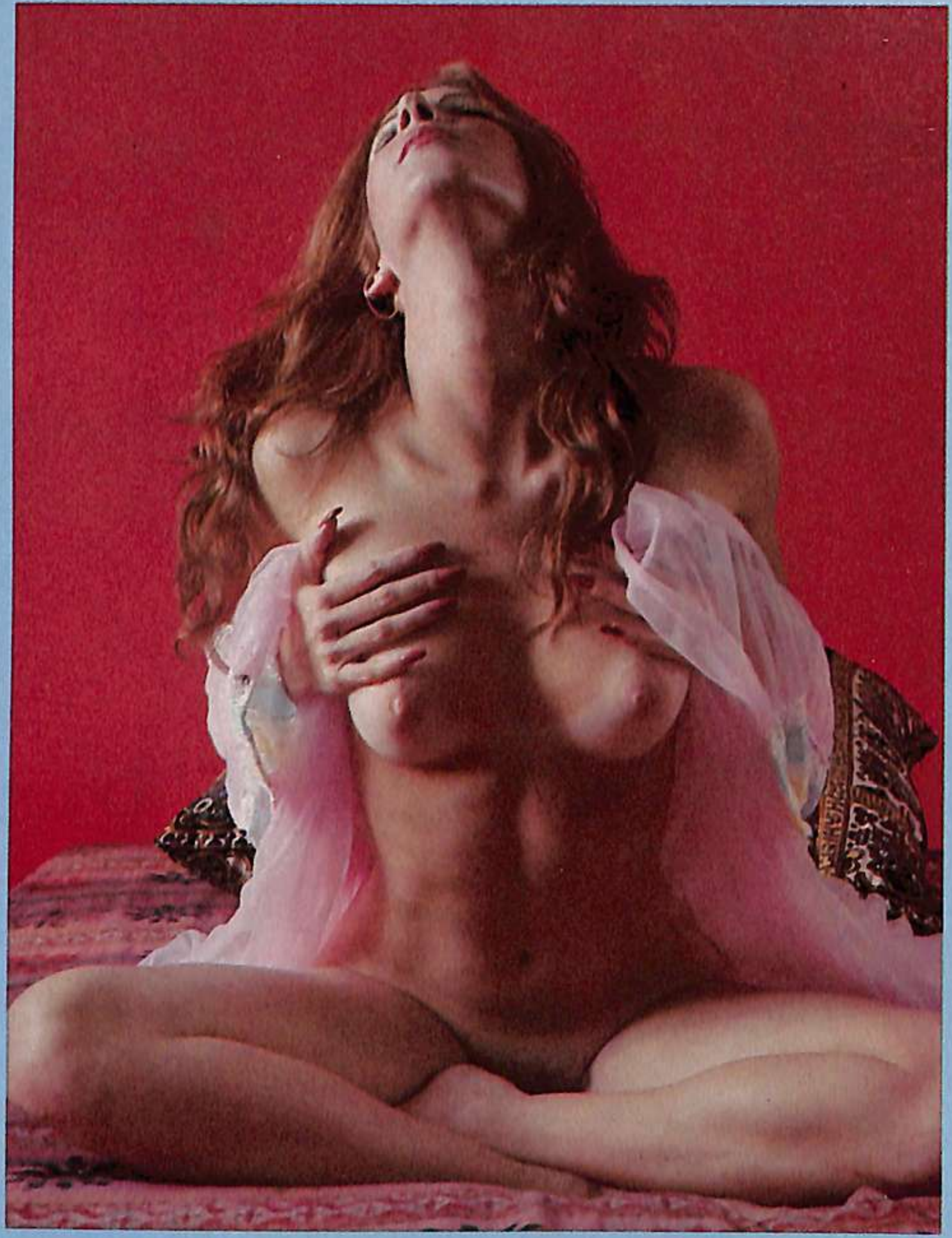
pretzel bender

PHOTOS BY GENE SPATZ

America used to have nice beauty contests. Girls were judged on poise, personality, presence. Middle-Americanness was the most prized virtue. Contestants talked about helping our national image abroad; they strutted the runways in long flowing gowns and sang the arias from *La Boheme* to prove they could squawk, walk, and chew gum at the same time.

"Can you imagine fucking with one leg around your neck and the other one stretched out beside you?"

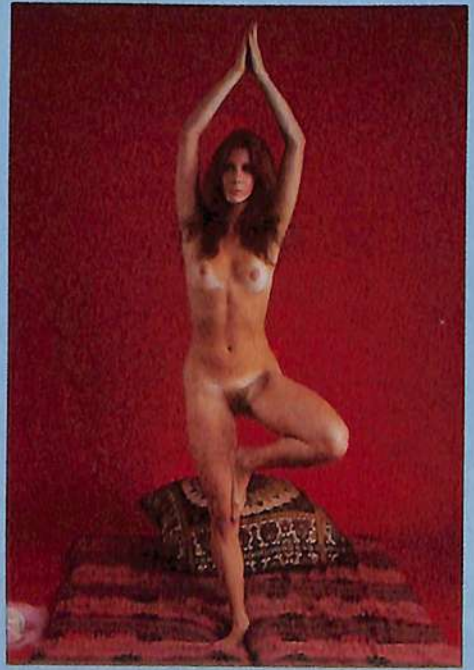


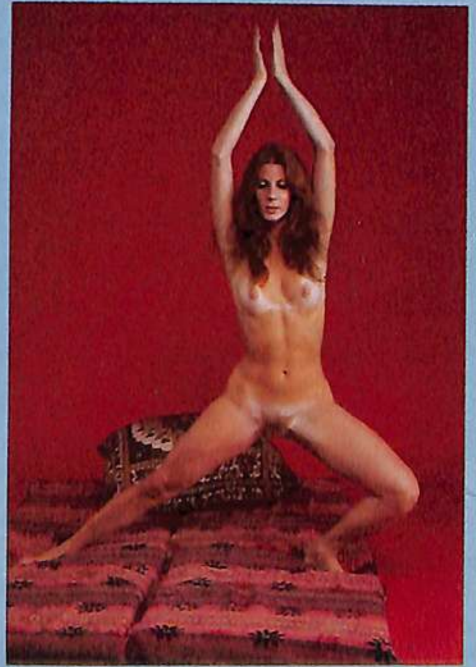
No more, sports fans. Today's pretenders to the throne of pulchritude will drop trou on a dime, expound publicly on the perversest of fantasies, and display such talents as clit-diddling, gum-chewing, and nip-tweaking in unison.

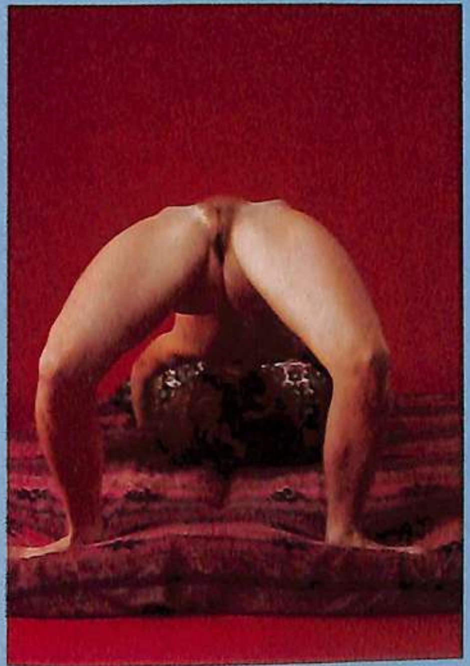
Take the case of Erika Joyce, a pillar of Middle-American breeding, who recently set her little heart on copping Rod Swenson's Miss All-Bare America crown, a coveted title that grows more hotly contested each year. A very determined gal, this one. Not given to flowing gowns or one-piece Jantzens (skin being her favorite uniform). So she drenched herself in salad oil, put "Ebb Tide" on the Victrola and performed eight minutes of naked yoga for a full house of degenerates and split-lovers.

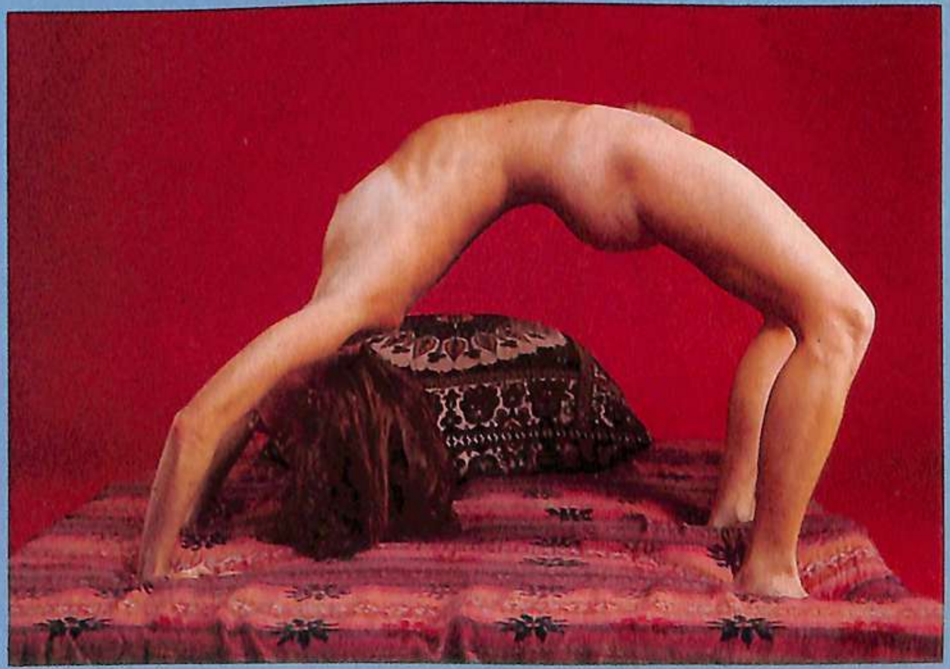
It's been quite a journey for Erika, spiritually as well as culturally. Remember, she used to be captain of the cheerleading squad back home in Florida where Daddy was—believe it or no—a police lieutenant. (Florida was where they socked it to Jim Morrison when he unzipped his fly, okay?)

Thoroughly modern Erika slid down the Atlantic coastline into a life of tantra and go-go dancing, ultimately ending up on Swenson's scum-stained stage, beaver-to-eyeball with our contest judge, Peter Wolff. Justice Wolff was taken by the cut of her jib and the strut of her clit in the lotus position, and taking time out from his lifelong avocation of appraising horseflesh and bloodlines, he cast a rather hard vote for her. It was, he recalls vividly, shortly before the third at Belmont. His nag unfortunately died of dysplasia near the three-eighths pole, but sweet Erika fared just a good deal better. A mere pubic hair away from being crowned our nation's most bountiful bare, she placed. The Swami who taught her how to be a human pretzel should









"You think I'd break my ass dancing all night if I could be turning tricks, making five times as much?"

be proud. So should the salad-oil people who made her hips and labes glisten. Like yoga, losing gracefully is an art.

Peter: Before we start, I must say I am mesmerized by your limbs. Would you mind doing this interview with your head behind your knees?

Erika: I'd rather not.

Peter: Oh, well. . . . How long have you been studying yoga?

Erika: When I was 12 I came across this yoga manual and I've been hooked ever since. I found I was extraordinarily limber and could twist my body into the most incredible shapes. When I was 19, I was a yoga instructor at Vic Tanney's in Miami, and when I moved to New York I got jobs teaching in small health clubs and schools. Now I just have a private yoga session every night for relaxation and meditation purposes.

Peter: Do you find these shapes in any way beneficial to your sex life?

Erika: I'll tell you, one night I totally freaked out this guy I was living with when he came home and found me in a yoga trance—with my legs wrapped around my head. But they eventually get used to it. Actually, I do manage to devise all these new positions, which can really spice up a sex life. Can you imagine fucking with one leg around your neck and the one one stretched out beside you?

Peter: No. Thank God.

Erika: The best thing about yoga is that it keeps your body in marvelous shape and really develops a fine muscle tone.

"Every time I lifted my leg, the cameras went off like firecrackers."

Peter: What made you think nude yoga would be sexy enough for a talent presentation at the Ms. All-Bare contest?

Erika: Well, I thought it would be different. I figured I was sure to catch everyone's eye. I knew everybody would be doing strip dances and things like that, so I wanted to do something unique.

Peter: It was definitely unique. I must tell you, though—some of those positions were really vulgar.

Erika: Vulgar?! I didn't think they were vulgar, I thought it was art.

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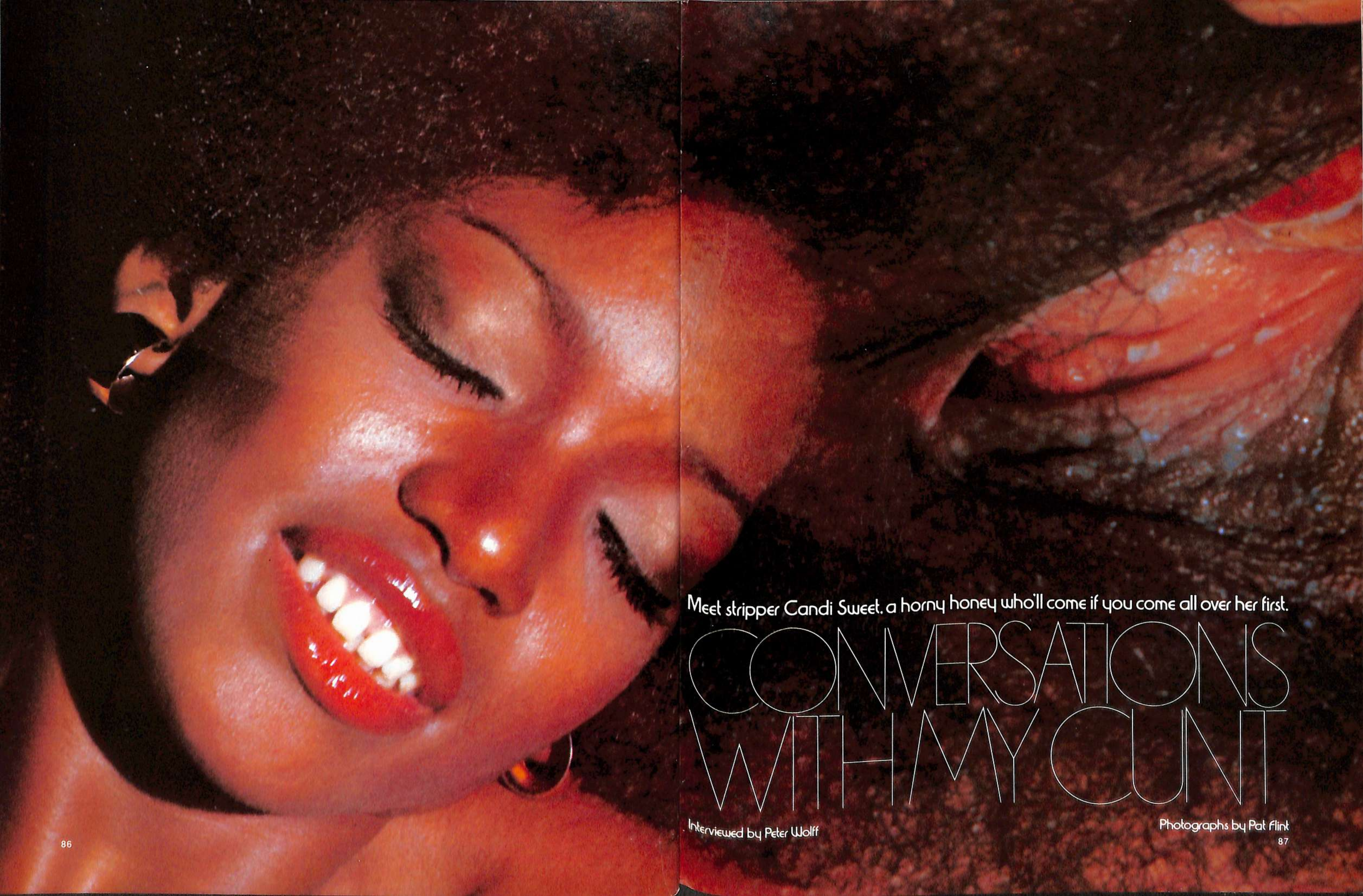
"I don't have to prove myself by making it with every guy I meet. It's quality I want."



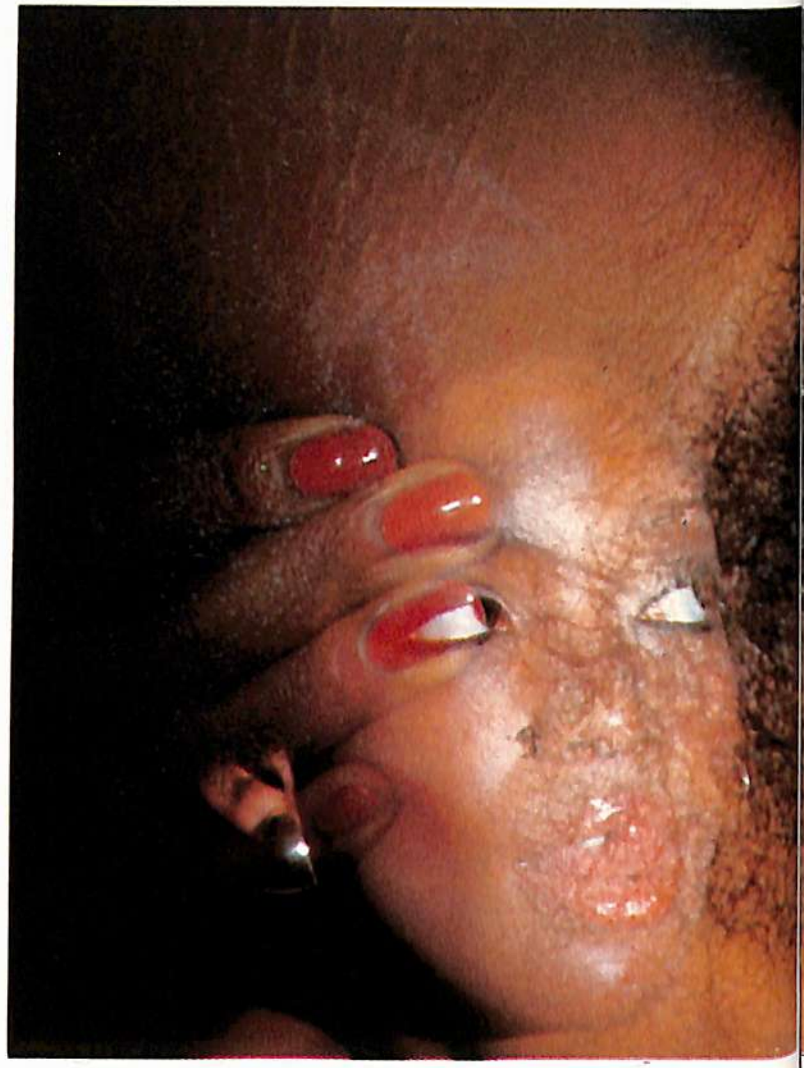
Meet stripper Candi Sweet, a horny honey who'll come if you come all over her first.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY CUNT

Interviewed by Peter Wolff

Photographs by Pat Flint

Candi gets her twat to talk by beating it so hard it gets spun inside out. But six languages. . . ?

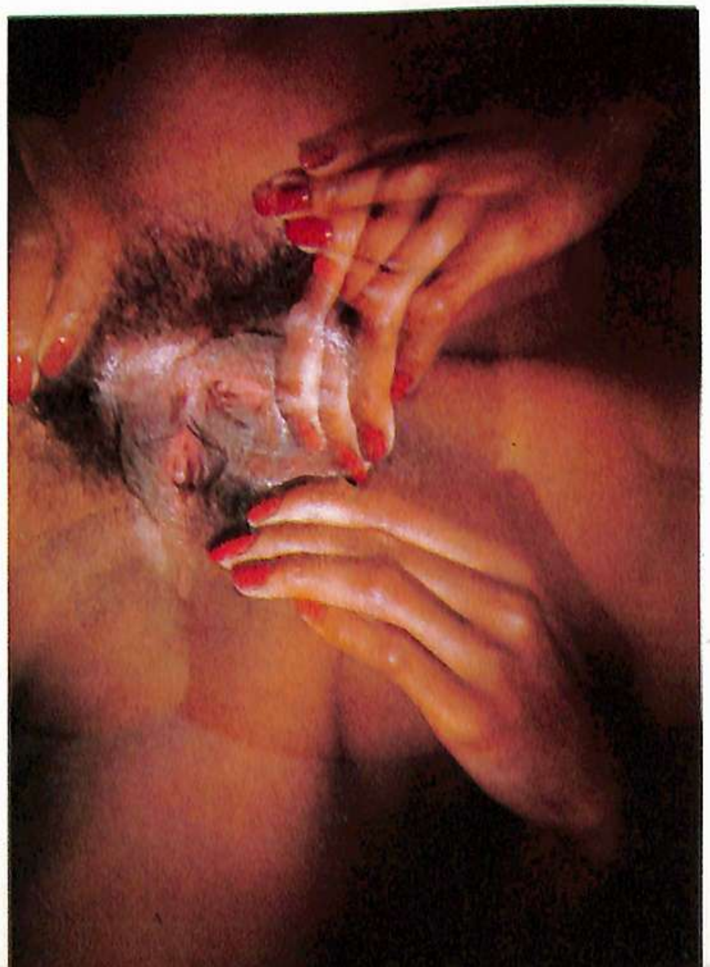


This is a bananas business and, for fruitcakes like myself who've been doing it since the Volleyball and Showerstall Era, it never ceases to be a source of bigger and better bananas.

Last week's Chiquita-du-jour came to me courtesy of that syphilitic sucker of snatch, Pat Flint, the Human Dingleberry. Flint, a half-Javanese, half-Maltese reformed bloody Tampax freak and dung-muncher, called me up Tuesday and announced, in his inimitable South Seas-Inner City accent:

"Boyce, hef me got goil fa yuce. Jew voned bliffit. Disfun hess fa poozy vun unbliffible pit vat vill spick ta chew in zix lenqvitches."

Now Flint is fairly excitable. But for a man who's sucked more assholes than the entire population of Tijuana, this particular chick had to be something special.



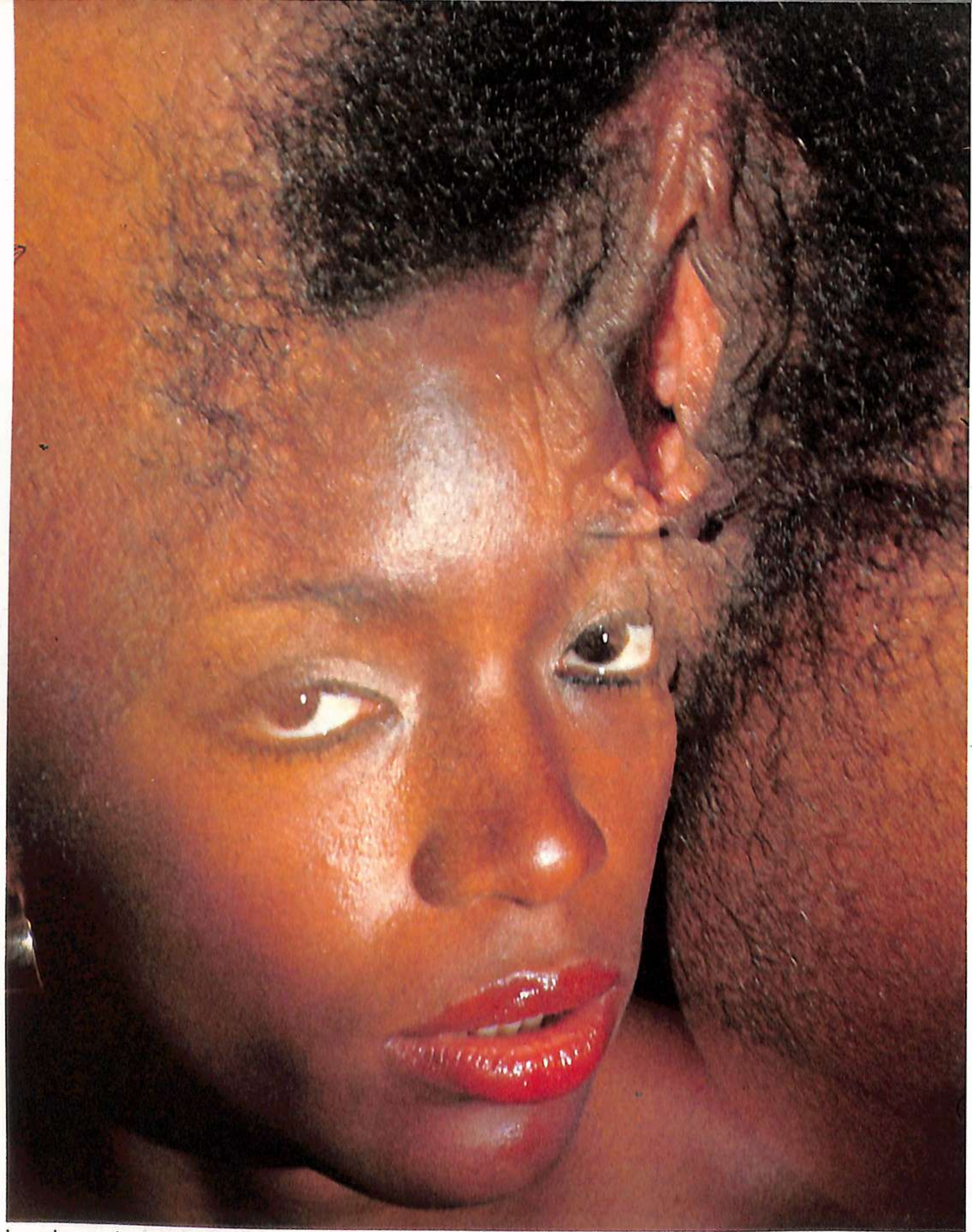
Candi Sweet, a lovely, lanky professional stripper, showed up at my office the next day. We did the normal pleeze-da-meedja number and then I went into my direct male-orders act.

"Pat Flint says you got a pussy that speaks six languages. Do you mind showing me?"

"Coase not," she cooed and whipped her jeans off in world-record time.

Well, I got to tell you, her cunt does not speak six languages. It speaks about three. And two rather badly. *Squishsquash*, that fabulous tongue of the well-buttered

"'Spill it all over my face,' she begged me, squirming on the floor, 'Pour it on my boobs!'"



box, she speaks fluently. But so does everyone, no? Flint, being Flint, missed the boat (but, then, he's been falling off piers for years). What he didn't know was that this chick has a fetish that is truly unique.

The way Candi gets her twat to talk is by manipulating it with enough violence to really get it going. She is a master of masturbation, a real pro who's perfected the art of self-abuse on stages and runways

(Continued on page 94)

KIM POPE

(Continued from page 78)

lady made us beautiful. It was obvious to me that these kids were exactly what I'd hoped they'd be—young, pretty, very much in love, but at the same time, very adventuresome. When it came time to actually pose for the photos, we dropped our robes and relaxed with each other like old friends. Carroll kissed me once, tenderly, and we were off. . . .

CARROLL: *It's funny how you learn what you like. I wasn't really what you'd call sexually aggressive, like the cunt hounds at my school. Still, there was a time when I was very heavily into the Hells Angels scene. I read all the articles and books about them, I saw all the movies. And I heard about that one initiation rite where you get your "red wings" by going down on an Angel mama when she's menstruating, and it has to be in front of four witnesses. Man, I thought that would be great! Also, I'd read about books, about cunnilingus and I was dying to try. The first time I did eat a girl out, though, I think the whole idea blew her mind. First of all I wanted to make love with her with the lights on, have a good time, see what was happening, but she wanted them out. Okay. Then she's so flat-chested I can't find her left tit. Maybe she didn't have one. I moved down past her navel, getting close to her box, and she starts to protest. But I'd gotten this far, so I just went ahead and did it. Didn't really know how, but I did go through the motions. . . .*

Peter's an excellent, sensitive photographer with a gift for putting his models at their ease. In no time at all we were so into each other we forget he was there. I was delighted by how aggressive Linda became as she relaxed. She kissed Carroll's cock with skill and love, not a trace of self-consciousness. I wondered how she'd gotten so free, yet kept her sweet tenderness towards her husband.

LINDA: *My sex life didn't start out well at all. I'd always thought you should be a virgin when you married, I really believed that. But when I was 13, I was raped. It was on a date with an older kid who had his driver's license and all. We went for a coke and then he asked if we could go parking and "just talk." I said okay—a big mistake. By the time he was through my clothes were torn pretty bad, but I ended up walking into town. Over to my best friend's house, to cry on her shoulder. It was such humiliation it took me two years before I could go out with another boy.*

I was obsessed with the idea that now I wouldn't be a virgin bride. When I finally told my mother, she was kind, and she tried to teach me all the things that would keep a man happy even if you weren't a virgin. The principals of sex—how to be a turn-on for a man, how to go down on him. But she never told me much about satisfying myself.

Now the photographer gave me a sign to start making out with Linda. How would she react? I wasn't sure she'd ever been with a woman. Maybe I'd upset her . . . but no, when I touched her, she was eager and responsive. She's a game little miss!

CARROLL: *I'll tell you, the first time we tried a threesome it was a mess, like filling a water bed with nitroglycerine and trying to fuck. I wondered, who needed it? We were so great with each other. We used to take turns tying each other down on the bed, completely helpless, and one would do all the work. Just keep it up and show no mercy. One time Linda kept going down on me and at the same time tickling my foot, for hours, it seemed like . . . she'd keep me there, hanging, at the brink of orgasm, with my nuts beginning to swell . . . torture!*

But there was this younger girlfriend of ours who kept getting more aggressive. If the three of us were watching TV and Linda got up to go to the bathroom, say, this chick would start squeezing up to me, rubbing my cock . . . but the instant she'd hear my wife coming back she'd leave me alone. Finally she walks in on us one day and asks to join in. Linda was kinda hesitant, but really wanted it, so she said okay. When I was eating Linda, and this other chick was down on me, I noticed the two of them were a bit hostile towards each other but we went on. When I went to eat her, though, her crotch smelled like a dead codfish. What happened then, was I had a premature ejaculation, Linda got pissed and the whole thing was a complete bomb-out.

LINDA: *I knew Carroll always wanted me to get it on with another girl, but I couldn't handle it until you, Kim. It was so mellow. I think the thing that really got me hot was when you called him "Baby" and started cuddling up. That's what I look for in people, that cuddly, affectionate attitude. I've never touched another woman's breast, even, but you were fantastic! It really turned me on to eat you out, and to watch Carroll go down on you, because I know how much he loves it. . . .*

Our photo session was anything *but* a bomb-out. By the time these torrid Texans had finished with me, we were all super-satisfied. And starving. So we threw on some clothes and headed out for food and my personal guided tour of nighttime New York.

We took them high and low, to after-hours clubs, sex clubs, jazz joints, discos and just plain nightclubs. They were ready for a lot of wild sex, but some of the sights we saw really opened their eyes—passion like this they don't have anywhere near the Panhandle, I guess. I know they'll never forget our wicked week in the Big Apple—I know I won't. The CHERI crew fell in love with them, and I think you'll agree they were pretty daring to trust us this far. Linda and Carroll—you were the best!

Thanks to you, too, my dear fans that I couldn't invite. Your letters are always welcome and appreciated. 'Til next time,

Kim

Monica Kennedy

(Continued from page 45)

of the body between customers. She wipes off every guy before she sucks him, and gives his dick a squeeze to check for veneral disease. If he's clean she'll say to the rest of the audience: "Let's give him a big hand for being clean," and they all applaud. Monica's a sex therapist, in a sense, since she never says anything bad to anyone and always makes everyone feel good about their desires as well as their bodies. If a guy has a small dick, Monica will say: "Wow! Three inches . . . just what I like." She says it with such sincerity, that everyone believes her.

Monica is famous for a lot of things—one of them is her marathons and another is the golden shower. Once, at one of the theaters, and although I was not there to count it (there were people there who did) Monica sucked off over 75 guys in one day. She says she'd do it more often, but her tonsils get sore. On another day she pissed in one guy's mouth every show for five shows straight. She says it takes a lot of control to pee on someone in front of all those people. This is born out by the fact that oftentimes when she calls for a volunteer to piss on her, the customer gets on stage and then can't perform. Monica gets help from the audience when she's about to do it by having them all make the sound "sh-sh-sh-sh-sh" together. It sounds like an Indian chant and proves very effective, or so it seems, because she does it everytime.

Once, a meek out-of-towner in a three-piece suit had shyly edged his way up to the front of the audience. When Monica motioned for him to come over and eat her, the guy sort of shook his head. Monica said, "Aw, come on, don't be shy. You don't have to eat it, just smell it." Finally he came over to take a smell. Monica winked at the audience and confided, "That's how I get 'em hooked. It's the peppermint douche."

Soon the guy was up on stage with all his clothes off getting his dick sucked. One of the regular customes started yelling, "Hey, give him a golden shower!" Monica then asked him if he wanted a golden shower and he said yes, but his stunned look of surprise when she started pissing on him revealed that he hadn't understood the term. But he handled it very well, and Monica gave him a big hug and the audience gave him a big hand.

It would be easy to write a book about Monica, because no two days are ever the same, and every show is a totally different experience. This coupled with her total directness in part is what makes her "The World's Most Unbelievable Act." Other parts include her warmth, intelligence and creativity. She's a star because she deserves it. You will not believe Monica until you see her . . . and you may not even believe it then. She is making regular appearances in New York and Vegas among other places. Don't miss her!

THE BARMAID

(Continued from page 49)

evening she worked there in a scene like a primitive ritual, the kind that jettisons you from adolescence to womanhood. The club managers told her she would have to take her clothes off, just pretend it was the girls' locker room and strip. Trembling, unsure of what a nice, clean-living girl like her should do, Barbara disappeared into one of the bedrooms, undressed, neatly folded her clothes, and then cried hysterically. But she managed to reappear firmly and has managed it every night since then. But why?

Because even a college diploma backed by straight A's didn't qualify her for a job as lucrative as one that requires a belly—tempting after a hard day—as a soft pillow and sense enough to mix rum with coke. And then there is the subtler reality of how pleasing it is, despite yourself, to be fawned over and desired especially when the people that raised you made you feel ugly and unwanted, except to do the dishes.

She was uncertain at first, that she could tolerate the syrup-thick atmosphere of easy, impersonal sex and coarse solicitations by middle-class men who "forget everything they were ever taught" once they set foot in the club. But she learned instead that lack of inhibitions is as contagious as a good laugh. Uncensored sexuality has infected her, and she likes it . . . up to a point. When customers proposition her she shrugs her shoulders. But they rarely give up. Her long legs, the small toast-colored mound between them, her good-natured indifferences are too tantalizing.

"Listen," they tell her, "if you ever leave this place, give me a call." After four months she can serve drinks and dodge groping hands at the same time. Behind the bar she is even safer. The customers accept her as the non-fucking, non-sucking barmaid. Their secret smiles say, "I know your kind. I dated them for years. You're the girl from the real world, the one who said no. I ended up marrying one of you."

Barbara wants a loving relationship with eroticism and sexual games packed inside it. She wants what these men can't give her, which is how she stays aloof from the siren call of prostitution. But she can work where she does, for the time being, because of her conviction that everyone has the right to what they really need. Men need willing ladies, prostitutes need willing men—it makes perfect sense to her.

Everyone needs a chance to be a sex object, to feel that their nakedness is beautiful. Barbara has learned that valuable piece of information, which she can take with her when she returns to the straight world of business where very few others know the freedom of shedding puritanical values along with their clothes.

—DH

pretzel bender

(Continued from page 85)

Peter: You mean like our magazine . . . ?

Erika: You know, I was very disappointed at the attitude of the judges and the audience during my talent presentation. I really felt it was a spiritual experience with my beautiful "Ebb Tide" and all. But instead, everyone just went crazy over the spreads. I mean, sure I understand some yoga positions will require one leg up in the air so naturally I will be exposed and all, but every time I lifted my leg, the cameras went off like firecrackers.

Peter: A bunch of pervos, those guys . . . What were you doing before you entered the All-Bare contest?

Erika: I was into exotic dancing as a temporary thing while I was still in school. In fact I was dancing one night when somebody from the press came in, saw me dancing and told me about the contest. I didn't say anything one way or the other. So the next night this guy bounces in and announceshe's signed me up, and that's how I got involved with the thing to begin with.

Peter: What exactly is "exotic" dancing?

Erika: It's go-go type dancing. I'd been studying ballet and modern dance ever since I was a child, but I was in school and needed some way to pay the bills so I figured I might as well put some of that training to use.

Peter: Where were you dancing?

Erika: Jax 3-Ring Circus in New York.

Peter: Nude?

Erika: Yeah, well I wore a G-string. Topless, not bottomless.

Peter: Do you recall the first time you did this?

Erika: Oh yes . . . It was a day-time shift. It's sort of a complicated story. You see, I have this para medical license and a few months ago I was working in this hospital for a cardiologist. I was getting super-restless and bored . . . thinking there must be more to life than drawing blood and taking EKGs all day. Anyway, one of the girls I worked with told me she did some moonlighting as a go-go dancer for extra cash and suggested I try it out. I figured it would be a great way to do something different, meet new people and make money. Most of all to make money.

Peter: How did you get your first job?

Erika: The very first job I had was in Jersey—that's where the girl from my office worked. It was a totally different scene from where I work now. We wore stockings and danced in cages, totally away from the customers. We also wore tops because it's illegal to go topless in Jersey.

Peter: Sounds like a hit tune.

Erika: I actually only worked there two nights because the commuting was too much of a hassle. The next day I just wandered into Jax like I was a real pro and asked if they needed dancers. They said yes, I stripped, auditioned and got the job.

Peter: What kind of money can you make dancing in a club?

Erika: You can usually be sure of $100-$150 a day.

Peter: Tips?

Erika: You get $55 in salary and the rest is all tips.

Peter: What are the tips for?

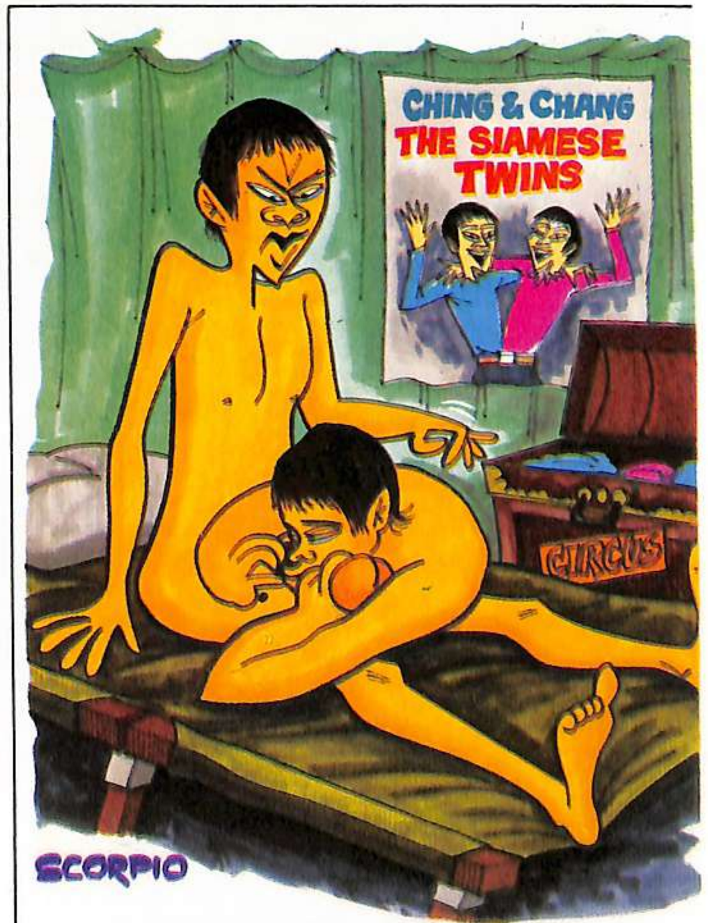
Erika: Customers sit around . . . have lunch or a couple of drinks and they just watch you dance. If they are happy with your moves they leave a dollar or ten . . .

Peter: What do you have to do to earn ten?

Erika: I dance.

Peter: To get a big tip do you have to dance in a particular way?

Erika: I just try and be seductive



"Not tonight, Chang—I have a headache."

Erika: No thanks; after my boobs stopped bouncing it would really have been Sag City.
Peter: Do you date a lot of athletes?
Erika: When I lived in Florida I dated football players, but I usually like sort of dark, quiet, intellectual types.
Peter: Like me.
Erika: Right. Actually there was a great blond soccer player I used to date who was really wild . . . I guess it all depends on my mood.
Peter: What are your views on sexual liberation?
Erika: Being fee to do whatever you want to do.
Peter: Which is?

Erika: Do you want me to say what I said for the contest?
Peter: Oh my God, no. You sounded like a fucking robot.

Erika: Yeah, but it was creative. A little corny maybe. Let me see if I can remember it . . . "Making love in a sea of multiflavored ice cream, each wave simultaneously coinciding with a rippling sensation experienced during the culmination of the act of love."
Peter: You deserved to lose . . . How do you really see your sexual future?
Erika: I don't see myself in a family because I can't see myself bringing up children. I also can't see myself belonging to one person. I like being with one person for short periods of time, but it's hrd for me to think in terms of forever. I do believe that it's quality not quantity and that I don't have to prove myself by making it with every guy I meet.

Peter: How many affairs have you had?
Erika: I don't keep a scoreboard, you know.
Peter: Have there been 10 . . . 20 . . . 100?
Erika: I've lived with a few men. I left home at 17 and went cross-country with a guy and then I went to Dade Community and moved in with another guy and then I moved to New York and there was another guy . . . I guess you could say I've had my share.

Peter: Tell me more about the contest.
Erika: I went in as a joke, thinking it would be fun and all but once I got really involved with it. I think I became sort of obsessed with winning, so I was very disappointed to come so close and then lose.
Peter: Did you win anything as runner-up?

Erika: No . . . Wait, I'm wrong . . . they did let me keep the multi-colored knee-highs we all wore during the contest.
Peter: Any final words about the contest?
Erika: Yeah: Why didn't I win? and maybe after I'm finished I'll talk to a few of the guys.
Peter: How was it taking your clothes off at Jax?
Erika: I didn't see anything wrong with it. I'm always sunbathing or running around in the raw so I don't really care. I keep in good shape and all.
Peter: What were some of the first moves you discovered were particularly successful in getting big tips?
Erika: I guess wiggling my hips around a lot. Slithering all over the platform is also a biggie. The most important move is eye contact you must always look at the customers you're dancing for. It makes them feel they're involved.
Peter: Do you ever just stand over a guy and shake your boobs in his face?
Erika: No, I don't do that. Not because I think it's vulgar or anything—just because it'll rip the tissues in my breast and I'll sag. Strictly health, not moral reasons.

Peter: How do you feel about turning around and shaking your rear end in someone's face?
Erika: I don't do that, either.
Peter: How *do* you make big tips?
Erika: I wiggle a lot?
Peter: Are most of the go-go dancers hookers, also?
Erika: That's really a myth! Do you think we'd break our asses dancing all night if we could be turning tricks and making five times as much? I'm sure that some girls get offers and don't refuse, but in general the girls are pretty straight—lots of college students, nurses and teachers who want to make some extra cash.

Peter: Tell me a little about your younger days. What were you involved with in high school?
Erika: In high school I was never involved with beauty contests. I was very involved with track. I had a great long-distance record and used to run three or four miles a day. I think athletics are incredibly sexy.

Peter: Now, there would have been a unique talent. You could have had a nude marathon, running back and forth across the stage until you see a new record.

THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 26)

costume, as if I were his big sister instead of his slave.

Bill and April's apartment was surprisingly homey and middle-class. I had expected something more glamorous and intimidating. Bill demonstrated his power over April by snapping his fingers and making April fall into a deep sleep. He awakened her just as easily and then made her have an orgasm by saying, "Now, April." Then he sent April into the bedroom with Harry and retired with me on the sofa. What followed was rather conventional after all that. I have had to conclude that Bill is just a horny guy with Machiavellian fantasies of power; he uses this power to serve his most mundane needs (sex and money) instead of using it for plumbing the depths of the psyche, which is what I like to use power for. I came away from the experience feeling used rather than fulfilled.

CONVERSATIONS

(Continued from page 91)

throughout the East Coast. When she beats off, she means it and that soppy, squishy snatch of hers gets turned practically inside out.

It was an interesting sight. I wouldn't say it beat watching Jody Maxwell suck cock or Al Goldstein eating a plate of Chinese food, but it wasn't like listening to Pat Nixon talking about her unusual sexual experiences either. On a day in which my genital stimulation had come from watching Sue Feele adjust her bra, Candi's jack-off show rated a B+.

It got interesting, however, when Candi looked up at me from her position on my carpet to say, "I really do it a lot better if someone else participates."

"Look, Candi," I answered, "I might win a Pulitzer some day. I cannot be balling just anybody who walks in my office. What would the National Book Awards Ethics Committee say to that?"

"I don't want you to screw me, jelly belly," she giggled. "I just want you to flog your log while I'm flogging mine."

"Jesus H. Erlichman!" I shot back. "You're talking to a guy who could very well end up in bed with Andrea Ambers some day. I ain't just wasting my precious bodilies on a hot date with my fist."

"Aw c'mon, I promise you it'll get interesting."

I thunk on it for a while. I mean, why not? I'm supposed to do everything, have done everything, be available for anything. Fuck the Pulitzers!

And so I whanked the old crank. And, *mama mia-madre mio*, did Candi Sweet *turn on!* She began to thrash and writhe, begging me—I mean downright hanging-on-to-my-boots-type pleading—to splash my hot juices over her face and boobs.

It was something to see. And when the rains came it was like the first hydrogen orgasm. It took her a full half hour to wind down.

Candi Sweet first got into mastur-voyeurism as a stripper in some of the rougher clubs in New York. She was up there, fingering herself casually, and letting her eyes wander over the audience when she first noticed the phenomenon. Whenever she saw a guy with his dork out of his pants, jacking away furiously, she would turn on uncontrollably.

Pretty soon, she decided to transfer this onstage kick to her private life. She began asking her boyfriends to beat their meat over her while she lay on the floor under them. After a few turbulent sessions, she was to find that the real kick came when they cascaded their fluids all over her skin.

Now, planning for a career in legitimate modeling, she's found her method for instant and immediate orgasm. She figures that she's already gotten some 30 or 40 guys to whack off on her, some friends and some—like me—guys off the street.

Me? It was fun, a goof, an interesting up-close look at a whacky way of getting off. Personally, I'd rather have five minutes alone with Andrea Ambers and a boa constrictor. But that's my bag. . . .

KANSAS CITY

(Continued from page 23)

squirming the higher her score; the gag prevented any noise.

After the whipping was concluded on the first night of the initiation, the girl was removed from the pulley and more pictures were taken. Then Mays would have the gal, feet and hands tied, give him a headjob.

When Mays was finished being sucked, he'd have the girl kneel on the bed, chest down, face toward the wall and hands tied behind her back. At this point, the female assistant would get a jar of vaseline and *she* would put vaseline in the girl's ass. If Mays could get another erection, he'd fuck the girl in the ass. If not, he would leave the room for a few minutes leaving the assistant with the initiate. He would return, shortly, with one of the teenage boys. Then, Mays would order the boy to fuck the girl in the ass. The assistant or Mays would photograph the action.

This was essentially the first treatment for the first several days. The fifth, seventh and 11th days were the advancement days in the ritual. On the fifth day, Grand Master Mays would hang the initiate up as usual and she would go through the same treatment again, with some additions. He would stick common pins or hat pins in the girl's breasts, buttocks and pubic area, while she was hanging in the air, bound and gagged. With the pins sticking in her, the girl would be rated, of course. Afterwards, the girl would be taken down and put through the usual sucking and ass-fucking.

Amazingly, these girls would keep returning for more. They attended junior and senior high schools, lived with their parents and some held after-school jobs. All of them were attractive and some were exceptionally pretty. They were typical middle-class teenagers—except for "Claws of the Tiger."

The pin-sticking routine was Mays' and his organization's ultimate downfall. There was an exceptionally beautiful 15-year-old girl who was proud of the fact that she had really improved her ratings on taking pain. One day, while she was hanging from the pulleys and Mays was putting the pins in her, she was withstanding the pain exceptionally well, and hardly wriggling at all. Mays decided to push her

(Continued on page 97)

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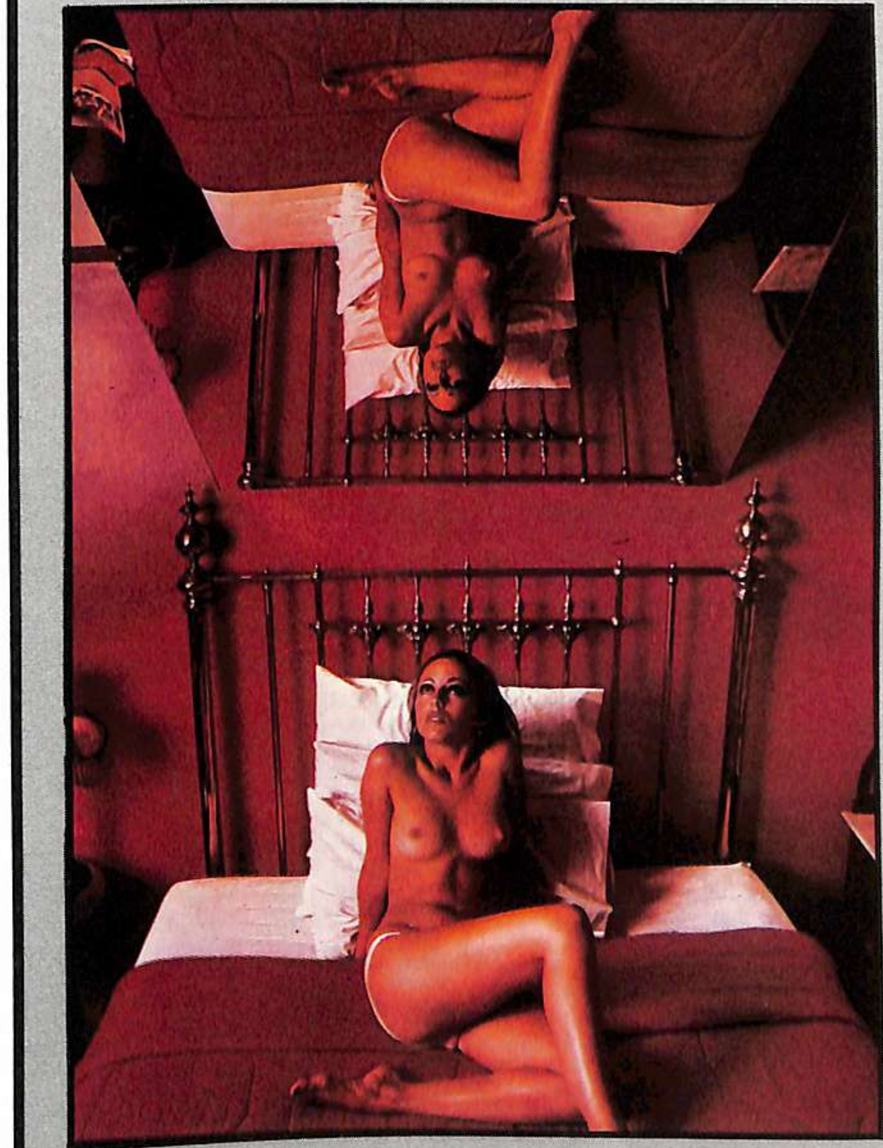

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The Twin Cities' One-Woman Sex Factory

(Continued from page 64)

woods, barns, and *snow*? You wouldn't catch *me* planting my twat on a snowbanked corner of the North Forty. But then, this chick's a pioneer.

Ms. Berry is a brave and honest woman who got into swinging by way of her husband, a West Coast adept who showed her everything right after they cut the cake. She loved it. Neither of them is into *extreme* weirdness and they prefer attractive and responsive chicks, although, as she says, she must get the wildest mail between New York and L.A. Well, somebody had to break the ground in all those 3,000 miles, and luckily for everybody, it was Lynn Berry and the Berry Farm mail-order business.

She and her husband lead a bizarre double life—both have very straight jobs and don't want to compromise them. But who knows? Maybe with enough business and appreciation they could *afford* to tell their psychologically oppressive employers where to put it. They are nice folks and the growing ranks of the sexually up-front need them. Keep it up! Sex Lib gives you a gold star, kids.

She's recently sent a charming set of pencil sketches—of two girls merrily lapping up each other's shit. "Here comes another turd now, honey! Oooh. . . . oh, you sweet girl! *Mmmm, Eat, Chew, Swallow. . . .*" Heartwarming stuff.

So the Midwest turns bottoms-up in all its frozen splendor and out jumps our heroine of the month, Lynn Berry, pioneering beaver from the gopher state who has—as far as I know—the only private, honest, let's-do-it-in-the-rec room mail-order swinging business between Chitown and Denver. And the letters she gets in response to her ads are some of the wildest I've ever gaped my way through!

"If you can't use these letters," wrote our brave Bible-belter, "I give up on you." You bet your chilblained ass we'll print them—and hang onto your rigs, fellas. This one's for real. We'll bring you lots more very soon from the Berry farm, where the greatest single-twatted threat to Midwestern moral turpitude is just picking up steam.

THE BEAT-OMATS:

(Continued from page 40)

a fresh loop.

One of the best loved bestiality films is *Eelfucker* which shows a young blonde sitting in a chair while her lesbian friend sticks a foot-long slimy eel, head-first, into her cunt. Later the women cut the eel in half and the blonde pushes its head into her fishy snatch (while the tail goes up her asshole at the same time). The film ends with the two giggling girls serving the cooked wriggler to a male admirer.

In order to keep their viewers titilated, most peep shows run really bizarre films, items that are unheard of an unseen by regular theater customers. While theaters run their half-censored versions of *Deep Throat* today, Times Square peep shows give viewers *Linda Lovelace: Dogfucker*, and other girl-eat-dog movies. Of course there are quite a few "straight" fuck-and-suck flicks with Linda Lovelace and others—for customers who groove on "straight" raunch.

Just as theatrical films have stars, peep-loop fans look for their favorite performers. While 8mm films of established stars like Lovelace, Tina Russell, Candy Samples and Marilyn Chambers are popular, loop ladies like Linda McDowell sell just as well. John "Wadd" Holmes has made hundreds of 8mm flicks, foot-long excursions into flesh for companies like Playmate, French Teasers and Swedish Erotica. Classic 8mm straight sex epics like *Wild Beauty* and *Super Cock* (from Playmate), *Marilyn's Portfolio* (from Swedish Erotica), or *Lolita* (from The Collection), are on view.

Why do people spend their money on straight peep shows instead of X-rated movies? It's the same analogy that can be drawn between a fast-food chain and a restaurant. For a few quarters, a customer can get fast sex, cheap and filling. No plot, just action. On a lunch break, or before going home, he can stop in for five minutes instead of spending five bucks and a few hours in a theater. A peep show is a hard-on automat for the horny.

And peep shows do offer variety. Maybe 30 or more films to choose from, and the titles are changed frequently. While bold marquees incite inquisitive bluenoses to censor theatrical releases, 8mm films in semi-secret porn shops aren't as easily regulated. It's difficult to bust an individual hardcore 8mm flick, especially when there are a hundred new ones to take its place.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT reads the sign over one machine: *"Guy makes chick suck fuck then pisses all over her tits. Then makes her suck him. She pukes on the guy's cock and the director makes her lick it off. Ugh!"* Once again the half-literate sign is truthful. Put in a quarter and you see just what it says. The film is officially called *Linda Eatmore* and comes from Hollywood Swingers. After a few minutes of hardcore fuck and suck (handled in bright, clear, color closeups, naturally) the blonde, curly-haired girl sits on a toilet and her man takes his cock in hand to piss all over her tits. Put in another quarter and the camera zooms in to show the glistening yellow rivulets running down her belly and into her pubic hair. She gets up and her bearded stud sits down on the toilet throne. She starts to suck his cock, but after taking his stiff a little too far down her throat—WHAM! Out pops a coughing cookie-load of oatmealy vomit—all over the guy's lap! She grimaces, but she starts to lick the pukey prick clean.

If you're into Golden Showers, this is THE BEST flick we've seen. Check it out! The loop referred to is called *Golden Streams*. It's put out by Lollipop Films and sells to home-movie patrons for $15. But for a few quarters, piss freaks without home projectors can get to see this invitation to upchuckery.

A girl straddles her boyfriend's chest, and as the camera gets the sharp closeup, she pisses in his face and he drinks it down. Another girl stands up, sticks her fingers in her cunt, and pisses perfect streams into the mouths of two thirsty male friends. Put another quarter in the urophilia slops on. There's a pretty chick lying on the floor, her mouth open, a standing man pissing down, using her mouth for a toilet. It overflows all over her face as another guy starts pissing on her, too. She nearly drowns, gasping, her face glistening from the salty sluice. Another quarter and the film shows a girl holding a cock like a water fountain, her lips sucking up the spewing arc.

There are dozens of "shower" films around, and often an otherwise "straight" fuck-and-suck film will cool things off with a splashy ending. Like *Pier Passion* in which John Holmes pisses in his girl's mouth. Or *Wet Surprise* in which mother pisses on her daughter's head. Or *Last Party* in which two women stand up and piss on the cunt of a third.

Just out of curiosity, you might slip a few quarters into one particular machine that just has a single picture outside the booth door. The picture shows a man with what looks like a chunk of shit in his mouth. The blank screen comes to life. And, yes, the guy lies back while his girl lays a turd in his mouth. He loves it, giving her a wild fuck afterward. And then—and then you find that you've run out of quarters. But don't worry. The guy at the front counter has more, neatly stacked in rows. All day long he hands over piles of quarters in exchange for dollar bills .

Although some peep-show parlors are sleazy, usually the customers aren't. The shop itself is quiet, with each man immersed in his particular pleasure, be it glancing through magazines, or reading the peep ads to pick out a likely flick. Some stores offer modern peep booths that are like the 25¢ take-your-own-picture booths in dime stores. The customer sits on a stool in perfect privacy as he watches the action unfold before him. Other stores simply have rows of open booths.

YOU ASKED FOR SOMETHING DIFFERENT a sign reads, ominously. There's a picture underneath that shows what looks like a beautiful big-boobed black chick. Long black hair, exquisitely made-up face, good-sized knockers, firm waist, shapely stockinged legs. And a cock! Framed in the garterbelt and stockings is a cock. *Alexis* is half man, half woman! The film, from Orgy Erotica Inc., shows ten minutes of this strange person coupled with men and women. Male and female, straights or gays are interested in a film like this one, showing that some porn flicks are aimed not for arousal but for curiosity.

During an election year or out of harassment, when a particular peep show gets busted, it's either for showing a bestiality film or a *pedo-pornie*, undefensible on any ground. In some of these kiddie films, little girls suck on cocks without the faintest idea of what they are doing. They sometimes start to giggle or make faces at the camera.

And every week the films that grind in the peep machines change, sometimes if only to switch locations to a more or less prominent booth. While theatrical films are in constant danger of getting busted for being obscene, the peep-show stags that know their place (namely, in back of the adult bookstore) seem to encounter a minimum of interference. It would be impossible to haul a judge down to view each peep show and rule on its "merits." Especially if nobody is objecting to private showings of peeps in back rooms.

In the peep parlors, you can find something new, weird, comic or carnal almost every day. They can view a few minutes for a quarter, or if they wish, ask if the film is for sale. But no matter what flick you happen to choose, it's generally agreed—when you put a quarter in a peep show, your peepers get popped.

KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 95)

further. He stuck more pins into her breasts and buttocks and took a wide black belt and proceeded to whip her with the belt, driving the pins in her to their heads. She still didn't complain. So he took the pins out of her, gave her a bath, and had oral and anal sex with her. Later, she went home with her breasts still bleeding all over from where the pins had been driven in. Her mother noticed blood coming through onto her blouse and wanted to know what it was. The 15-year-old told her mother that it wasn't anything, but the mother insisted on seeing her daughter's chest. As a result, the whole story came out.

There had been a couple of girls who had wanted to quit the club, but thought they would be killed if they did so. The boys were under similar impressions about their futures, if they tried to quit.

Some other aspects of the organization that came to light after its bust were the formation of "hit teams, elite groups, etc." There, also, had evidently been some future plans for "setting up" prominent citizens of the area in sexual sado-masochistic or bondage-discipline situations with some of the young chicks for the purpose of blackmail. And members, under orders, had already committed at least one burglary. More were planned. Papers, tapes, photos and records with details on everything were found.

As for Donald Mays, he has been found guilty on two charges involving his activities in the "Claws of the Tiger," and is now in prison. Another one of his officers just received a verdict and is going to appeal. The teenagers are back to doing all the usual things they do, although some are getting counseling. One little girl still insists she's a virgin because no one ever fucked her straight. She wanted to save her virginity, she said. That's why she only had oral and anal sex. . . . And there are one hell of a lot of lucky wealthy Kansas City men who fortunately never had the chance to be "set up" by the "Claws of the Tiger."

With the Claw's demise, that's all for now. Happy St. Pat's Day to all you Irish and Irish-for-a-day!

Love,
Jody Maxwell

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 24)

audiences are unbelievable. On Friday and Saturday nights, over 300 people lined up outside the theater, waiting to get in. I hope to have a picture of it for CHERI's next issue. I am so very thankful to all the people who came to see me because if it weren't for them I'd have to live in skid row as I once did, sleeping in the bus depot and worrying about a job.

At the Keg and Quarter supper club across the street from the Palace Theater, Tony, the owner, even put up a sign saying, WELCOME HONEYSUCKLE AND FRIENDS. I couldn't believe my eyes. After all the times of having been mistreated and run out of places like that, I am now actually being welcomed by a sign outside the door! G—— took us all there. The food and drinks were delicious, and the floor show was fantastic.

I wanted some stage supplies but G——'s car was still under arrest (for $700 worth of parking tickets), so he hired a taxi for me. The driver, Joe, enjoyed the copy of CHERI I gave him. It was the first time a theater owner ever hired a chauffeur for me. I really think G—— is spoiling me.

Several people in the audience had read CHERI and were delighted when I gave a copy away each show to the winner of the "Stump the Cunt" contest.

Fast Ed, his brother, Dean and their friends, John, Sam and Gary even smoked the cigarette I had in my puss. I shoved my butt in Fast Ed's face, but, before I could pull it away, he bussed my puss. He certainly lives up to his name.

Bart tried to pull a pickle out of my puss, but it kept falling on the floor. My puss is still nervous from that guy in Cleveland who almost bit into it while pulling the pickle out. Bart picked the pickle up from the floor and ate it, anyway. I guess the pussy juice on it kept it from getting dirty. Makes a nice protective shield.

John, Kass, Dan and some guys from Greensborough, Pa., took bites out of my pussyburgers; Mad Dog and friends from Laurenceville, Pa., joined ion. Although I try to discourage it, some pussy-eaters go crazy over these pussyburgers. Frank smoked a cigarette from my puss. Several others puffed on it, too, even though I joked that a crab had once bit a guy's finger when he grabbed the cigarette.

Rocco had a bachelor party, and got "the works"—farts in face, a copy of CHERI, ping-pong ball, pussyburger, etc.—after his friend, Joe, pointed him out to me. Gary said to put his name in CHERI, as well as Java's (from Carnegie).

Smitty smoked my pussy-cigarette, as did Cass, Jack, John and Al. Bart, Dannly, Kran and Headbone livened up the show. Tom got a big fart in his face; John almost lost a finger when he tried to get a pickle out of my puss. I had put seven pickles in; they must have got locked together in there. G—— was ready to pull them out with tongs.

When Mike brought on a birthday cake I blew out the candle with my puss. Danny also celebrated his birthday there, and Rich from "K and L Sales" livened up the show. I tried to visit him at "K and L Sales" the next day but couldn't find the place.

Some guys from Barking Coal Mine were very amusing. They are avid CHERI readers and Chuck, Jeff, Dan, Walt and Chester the Molester all got my pussyburgers to take back to the mine. I told them not to eat them while driving and not to give them to the dog.

J. W. said he saw his life pass in front of him as he watched me smoke my pussyburger sandwiches. Larry's friend, Evans, held up his hand, and asked, "Who the hell wants to fuck now?" I replied, "Who the hell even wants to eat pussy now?" That pretty well sums up my act.

Thank you for your wonderful letters. I am going to start analyzing dreams now, in my column. My grandmother used to analyze dreams, read tea leaves, palms, cards, etc. Dreams are a hobby of mine that I'd like to share with CHERI readers.

For example, one of my girlfriends dreamed she was wearing a black dress. I told her it meant marriage. About six months later, she got married.

Colors, numbers, food, sex, all objects in your dreams have a meaning. Green means love, shit means money, number 30 means popularity, etc.

I recently dreamed I was a man and that someone was sucking my cock. It seemed so real. I could actually feel what it was like to have a cock. That symbol means I will give birth to a son. Then I saw a man with a long, deformed cock going down to the floor, and two normal cocks next to it. It means my first son will die but I will have two others who will live.

Number 11 means trouble with the law. I dreamed that before I got arrested.

Please send me your dreams and be sure and let me know if you want them published.

Until next month, may you have unpleasant dreams, because they often mean the opposite of what they are.

Ciao for now.

Skin Trade

(Continued from page 13)

say what they think and feel in public. Just about everybody who ever wanted to take a chance with an idea or image. Just about anybody who cares about anything important.

Linda Lovelace and Damiano, both of whom got good mileage out of *Throat* have been granted immunity from prosecution because they cooperated in an earlier probe into mob participation in porn. Is Harry bitter about the lack of support from them. "No," he told me. "I can't judge anyone else."

Now Reems faces ruin and retribution for a film in which he neither participated in nor had control over—such prosecutable activities as contents, editing, marketing, distribution, or promotion. It's a crazy bust—and I was thinking just that as I stood beside him last month at a celebrity fund-raiser in New York, marveling at his cheeriness, courtesy and lack of rancor. Smiling, soft-spoken and bathed in TV lights, he presented himself humbly and sincerely, directing himself to the issues and the high-powered VIPs who'd joined his crusade, casting a saint-like presence amid a clatter of cocktail glasses and bawdy banter. Dick Cavett, George Plimpton, Jules Feiffer, Eli Wallach, Judith Chris and the gorgeous Julie Newmar. His roster of celebrity boosters is impressive. Both Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty were ready to fly east and testify on his behalf before their testimony was ruled on as "being irrelevant to the issues of the trial" by its judge. Reems doesn't think so. Nicholson could have been in the same predicament for his performance in "Carnal Knowledge" (found obscene by a Georgia court in 1973). Beatty's next film is entitled *Hard Core.*

Justice William O. Douglas, in a 1971 opinion, established perhaps the clearest constitutional standard to date on obscenity. "Whatever obscenity is, it is immeasurable as a crime and delineable only as a sin. As a sin, it is present only in the minds of some and not in the minds of others. It is entirely too subjective for legal sanction. There are as many different definitions of obscenity as there are men, and they are as unique to the individual as are his dreams."

Tax deductible contributions should be made payable to The Bill of Rights Foundation, Inc. Mail them to: Harry Reems Legal Defense Fund, Suite 1030, 120 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Julie and Dick and birth control

Bumped into Julie Newmar and Dick Cavett again the following night. TV's Catwoman is breathtaking in person. Especially in a low-cut strapless dress. And when she uncrosses her legs and tells me: "I think American men make the best lovers. I would rather cuddle with a lamppost than have an affair with an Englishman."

Dick Cavett, sitting at the same table, broke us up with his birth-control preference. "I prefer the pill to the diaphragm as it's easier to swallow." Asked if he would ever patronize a hooker he explained: "No, I would treat her as an equal."

Later that night bumped into Kojak Savalas and his brother Stavros. I guess I have a thing about hair. Stavros turns me on but his brother. . . .

What if the girl of you dreams turns out to be the boy next door?

Garbed in outrageous S/M leather drag, the Cycle Sluts look like something run amuck at the waterfront branch of Frederick's. Claiming to have emerged from a grease slick left by a Harley Davidson Sportster 1000 X-L one hot Hollywood night, the rest of their biographical information is sketchy. Cycle Sluts is a ten-man (?) rock entertainment decked out in make up, beards, and motorcycle drag.

"The whole thing started as a joke," says Moma Goddamn, a tuxedoed number in a giant overblown wig, black-and-gray painted face, rhinestone ankle bracelet and four years in the Air Force. Fellow Sluts were a riveter, art teacher, insurance salesman, corporate executives, etc.

The Sluts conceive of their show as a release for their own and their audience's fantasies. "Just about any sexual bit you've got we've got covered," grunts Moma Goddamn. Their show is a series of song-and-dance numbers and satirical skits that play havoc with traditional notions of sexual identities and role playing.

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

(Continued from page 27)

Dear Fred,

GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES WHEN YOU READ THIS, BASTARD! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? HOW DARE YOU ADDRESS ME AS ROSEANNE? THE TITLE TO YOU, ASSHOLE, IS *MISTRESS*!!! In response to your letter, I should think chains would be preferable to the rope in a hog-tie position behind your back. You should then be dumped into a large cardboard carton, and so you won't break, I will pack the carton to the brim with a variety of dirty pantyhose and stockings. And, if you're a real good boy, I might let you out in a week or so.

Mistress Roseanne

Dear Mistress Roseanne:

I caught the last ten minutes of *Midnight Blue* last Friday and was mesmerized by the experience. After the program I turned off the set and tried to catch my breath. I am still trembling, just recalling the experience.

What affected me was not the lashing or the pitiful reactions of the slave, but your insight into the masochist—the way you handled the scene—the little touches like telling him to hold still and then punishing him double for not doing so—the absolute control of his mind as well as his body.

I am sure you realize from what I've said here that I would have very much liked to have been in his place. So I am writing to you in the hopes you may want to meet me and dominate me for your pleasure and mine. I've done a lot of reading about S/M, talked to a lot of people in the scene and written a lot of letters. So far, I haven't had a lot of experience, except in my fantasies.

I won't bore you with them, except to say what I get off on isn't the pain aspect (though I am willing to accommodate myself to whipping and the like) but rather the head trip—the idea of being under someone's complete control—being ordered to wear apparatus I might find uncomfortable or embarrassing—being given orders and obeying them without question, especially in public. The physical thing is really secondary, although I can see that it would be effective in re-enforcing the relationship.

Well, I guess this is about it. I'm a straight "M" who would like to be your slave—or at least considered. Thanks for a super program, even the little bit I saw.

Sincerely,

Max

Dear Max:

Most happy you enjoyed the program. It is unfortunate that there is not more of this type of thing. Usually what you find at the theater is straight pornography which has little or nothing to do with the scene. Only on occasion are we lucky enough to have a flick come out such as *The Naughty Victorians* or *The Story Of O.* Hopefully, sometime in the near future, I will be writing, directing and performing in a film presentation which will include, besides sadomasochism, transvestism, foot fetishism and abduction.

If you haven't already, I would suggest you get in touch with the Eulenspiegel Society in New York, a society of fantasists who have group discussions and parties amongst themselves.

Mistress Roseanne

To Roseanne,

Our Beloved Mistress:

As the hours roll on and we anticipate being in your power, we have but our fantasies to hold us, keeping us in a state of excitation. Our nipples are hard, our bodies tingle, our minds await you.

For your pleasure your slaves will take an evening walk down Fifth Ave. bound together. You, behind us, dressed in leather, a cat-o-nine tails in your belt, dangling down.

Your female slave, made up and perfumed with flowers in her hair, her white lace dress and pink pinafore, so dainty, her body bound by chains.

Your other slave wearing his masculine sporty clothes outside, but underneath his breasts are encased in a black satin bra. Around his waist is a tight garterbelt binding him, the straps falling to hold up dark silk stockings, rubbing together with each step.

We feel nothing but helplessly passive, quivery, graceful, squirmy, girlish, buttery, warm, tender, devilish and honored to be your slaves.

Your Obedient Servants,

Ilene and Larry

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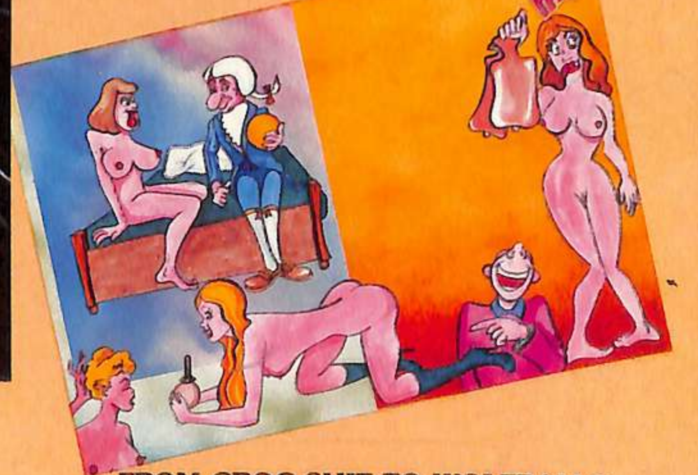

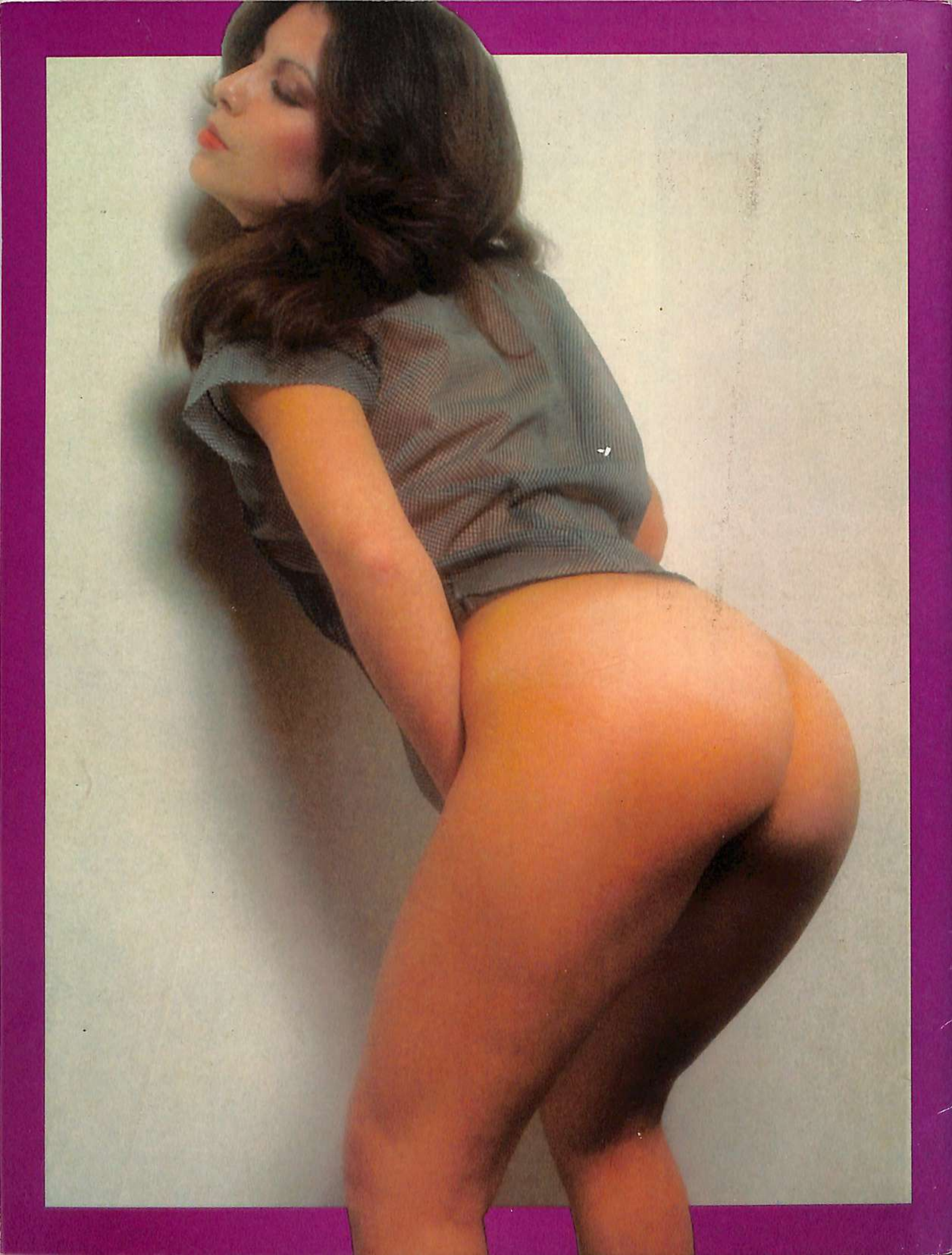FROM CROC-SHIT TO WOLFBALLS:
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